The Honorable Little Miss Love

Elizabeth Geist Newbold

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Honorable Little Miss Love (O Ai Chan)

HONORABLE LITTLE MISS LOVE

(O AI CHAN)

BY

ELIZABETH GEIST NEWBOLD

ILLUSTRATED

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TO

FATHER AND MOTHER

Whose zeal for Christ and His Church first turned my steps into the path of His service; whose loving sympathy and wise counsel has helped me over all shoals of weariness and discouragement; and whose joy and enthusiasm has trebled all my happiness in the work among my sisters of the Land of Great Peace, this little book is lovingly dedicated

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FOREWORD

In the face of the many books written about Japan, as numerous as its own cherry blossoms, it seems presumptuous to add another, but this little book is an attempt by an eye-witness to give a series of pictures of life in Japan which will make it vivid to children in America, and to answer the question asked so frequently during furlough: "Well, just how do you do missionary work, anyhow?" It does not therefore purport to be an exhaustive treatise, and many interesting facts are left out, all of which may be found in other books. It is not a "true story," in that neither O Ai Chan herself, nor "Miss Lawrence," nor "Miss Morris" are real people, as I wished to respect the privacy of my friends in Japan; and yet it is "true," for every fact in it, and every conversation in which a foreigner takes part, really happened, so that many of my friends will catch a fleeting glimpse of themselves as in a passing show. I have taken the liberty of draw-

ing on my imagination at times as regards the thoughts of my Japanese friends, which I could only do by results shown in their actions. Therefore, it is an attempt to give a composite picture of life in the mission field — a picture which might easily have for its setting any one of our mission stations, except, of course, where the schools enter the story.

I feel I owe an apology to my friends in the District of Kyoto for having laid the scene entirely in the District of North Tokyo. It was done for the reason that I am entirely unacquainted, personally, with the District of Kyoto, and knew I could not do it justice; however, I feel certain that the picture I have drawn would apply largely to Kyoto.

I would like to say to the boys of America that there are just as many interesting stories of the boys of Japan, but, being a woman, my work is all with women, so some one else will have to tell you the story of the Boys of Japan.

Regarding the "dark places" in Japan's life to which I have referred, I feel I have not been disloyal to my adopted country in mentioning them, for Japan's greatest thinkers and most loyal

statesmen are quite aware of them and are anxiously considering ways and means for their betterment. For instance, it is already proposed to install a sewerage system in the city of Tokyo as a memorial to the Emperor. Japan is not "perfect" and knows it, but it has done wonders in half a century, for which it deserves great credit.

If this little sketch will help my friends in America to a better understanding of, and love for, my friends in Japan, it will more than repay me for this labor of love.

I would say, too, that in the verification of matters of fact, dates, and historical incidents I have relied on Chamberlain's "Things Japanese," Griffis's "Matthew Calbraith Perry," Murray's "Japan," Bacon's "Japanese Girls and Women," and De Forest's "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom." I have taken some of the "local color" from the primers in use in the schools in Japan.

I also desire to make my grateful acknowledgments to Miss Carolyn Breneman, to the Reverend Clayton H. Rauck, and to my father for helpful suggestions and constructive criticisms.

I regret that lack of time prevents a review and criticism by some of my friends in Japan, and trust they will overlook any errors that may have crept in.

E. G. N.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA,
September 7, 1912.

JAPANESE PRONUNCIATION

a as in father
e as in men
i as in pin
o as in pony
u as *oo* in book

ai as in aisle
ei as in weigh
au as *o* in bone

The consonants are all sounded, as in English: *g*, however, has only the hard sound, as in *give*, although the nasal *ng* is often heard; *ch* and *s* are always soft, as in *check* and *sin*; and *z* before *u* has the sound of *dz*. In the case of double consonants, each one must be given its full sound.

There are as many syllables as vowels. There is practically no accent; but care must be taken to distinguish between *o* and *ō*, *u* and *ū*, of which the second is more prolonged than the first.

Be sure to avoid the flat sound of *a*.

HONORABLE LITTLE MISS LOVE

CHAPTER I

O AI CHAN AT HOME

"OKKASAN! Okkasan! (Mother! Mother!)" cried little O Ai Chan as she slipped off her wooden clogs and came running in her stockinged feet, through the little shop where her father and big brother were working, to the room in the rear.

"Here I am," answered her mother. "Where have you been so long?"

"I have been to Sunday School. Mother, do you know who Lord Jesus is?"

"No, I never heard of him. Who is he?"

"I do not quite know, but he loves us, so I thought maybe you knew him. We sang a song 'Jesus loves me, this I know'; and, Mother, he must be a very kind person, for Teacher told us a story about how he cured some poor blind men. I should think he must be very famous, as famous

as Hideyoshi.[1] It is strange you never heard of him. And, Mother, Teacher gave us this pretty little card. It says, 'Little children, love one another.' And then, Mother, Teacher taught us a little prayer to say, beginning, 'Our heavenly Father,' but there was no image to pray to. I don't quite understand whom we were praying to. Mother, may I go next Sunday? I want to find out." And so little O Ai Chan chattered on and on, for it was her first visit to Sunday School, though she was ten years old, and naturally she was much excited about it.

Meanwhile, her mother, Mrs. Kawamura, sitting on her heels on the soft padded matting, had been filling the "fireplace," just a square hole in the floor, with charcoal; as she fanned it, so deftly that the ashes did not stir, the black mass became glowing red, quivering and pulsating, making a vivid picture in the low-ceiled windowless room. The fire being ready, Mrs. Kawamura could give attention to her little daughter, and asked: "Sunday School? How did you happen to go there?"

"Oh, I heard them singing hymns I had never

[1] Hideyoshi. A great general of the sixteenth century.

heard before, so I climbed upon the fence and peeped in. It looked so interesting, I stole around to the door, and then one of the teachers asked me to come in."

"I think this Lord Jesus you speak of must be the Christians' Great Teacher, like Buddha, but I do not know much about it. Now run and fill the tea-kettle, get the trays, and bring the rice and fish from the shed."

"Can I go to Sunday School next Sunday?"

"You will have to ask your father."

As she spoke, Mrs. Kawamura placed a little tripod over the fire, on which she put the tea-kettle which O Ai Chan had just filled. While her mother was broiling the fish, O Ai Chan brought the lacquer trays, one for each person, on which she set a soup bowl, a rice bowl, a fish plate, a plate of chrysanthemum salad, a plate of pickled radishes, a pair of chopsticks, and placed them all on the floor near the fireplace, and the table was set for supper. Then she ran into the little shop in front where her father and big brother were making wooden clogs, saying, "Supper is ready."

Immediately, they dropped the clogs which

they had been holding with their feet, while they fashioned them with their hands, and as they squatted before the trays O Ai Chan served the rice, which they shovelled into their mouths with chopsticks, drinking the soup out of the bowl. Meanwhile Mrs. Kawamura brewed the bitter green tea in a squatty little teapot, and served it in handleless cups on lacquered saucers.

As the men-folks finished their tea in great gulps, and settled down comfortably to enjoy their pipes before going back to work, O Ai Chan said, "Father, may I go to Sunday School next Sunday?"

"Hey! Sunday School?" said he. "What is that? It makes no difference to me." The poor man was not unkind, but he had to work so hard from morning till night to earn the pennies necessary to feed many hungry mouths that he had no time for any home life. He took his recreation by having a smoke and chat when a customer came to the little shop and by reading the newspaper before he went to bed.

"Run out and draw some water and call the children to supper," said Mrs. Kawamura, and, picking up the two buckets which swung from a pole across her shoulders, O Ai Chan hurried out

O Ai Chan's Family at Supper

to the well, filled her buckets, and then joined a group of children standing in the narrow street. Most of the group, though scarcely more than babies themselves, had a smaller child strapped to his or her back, and they were standing talking fitfully, or for the most part doing nothing, all their faces looking dreary and hopeless, and generally very dirty. Just as O Ai Chan reached them, one cried, —

"Here comes a foreign barbarian!"

O Ai Chan looked. "Oh, that is my Sunday School teacher," she cried.

"Do all foreign barbarians wear dresses like that?"

"Is it a man or woman?"

"Woman! It has short sleeves; it must be a man."

"No, I know she is a woman," cried O Ai Chan; "foreign men don't wear skirts, and she has a lot of long hair. She is the Jesus Teacher."

"Isn't she tall! Are all foreigners tall?"

"Why, I suppose so."

And then as the American passed them they called derisively, "*Yaso! Yaso! Yaso!*" which is a contemptuous title for Jesus. At once the "Jesus

Teacher" turned and smiled on them, for she knew they meant no irreverence to her dear Lord and Master, and were only imitating in ignorance a word they had heard. As she did so, she saw O Ai Chan's eyes glowing with all the new thought that had crowded into her life that day, and, recognizing her, she came back to the group and said: —

"*O Jō San* (Honorable Miss Girl), I saw you at Sunday School. We were glad to have you and hope you will come again. Perhaps some of your little friends would like to come with you."

O Ai Chan, nearly bursting with pride and embarrassment, making a perfect right angle of her body, bowed low, saying, "Thank you, we will come."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Kawamura Ai."

"Do you live near here?"

"Just over there."

"Well, I hope to see you next Sunday. *Sayonara* (Good-by)," and the missionary passed on to her own belated supper.

"Hasn't she queer eyes?"

"She's blind, isn't she?"

"And her hair is red (brown)."

"Her skin is so white."

"She wore gloves."

"She had on leather shoes."

"Wasn't her hat lovely?"

"Were the flowers real?"

Such was the chorus of remarks which greeted the retiring back of the missionary, as the children forgot that she could understand their language.

"No, she is not blind," was O Ai Chan's indignant rejoinder. "She can see as well as we can, even if her eyes are blue and not black. Foreigners do not all have black eyes and black hair as we do. But besides the color, her eyes are different some way, but I do not know just why; I am going to find out. Come to supper, Little Sister, and Brothers," and the little group all trooped home, making a great clatter as they dropped their clogs at the door, and ran into the house. It kept the mother and O Ai Chan busy until, in an incredibly short time, all the little mouths were fed, and then there was a rush to the street, which was their only playground, narrow and dirty and dusty or muddy as the case might be, guiltless of sidewalks, and with filthy ill-smelling gutters on either side.

Mrs. Kawamura and O Ai Chan then had time to eat their own supper, and just as O Ai Chan had finished polishing the last tray, and every shining cup and bowl was in place, she heard a shout from the street.

"She's coming. The Jesus Teacher!"

O Ai Chan flew to the door, her mother following to see what this strange creature was like, and got there in time to see all the youngsters in the street crowd out to make their solemn little bows, and win a smile from the eyes that were not black. The smaller ones, in their eagerness, ran right in front of her, and with their tiny hands on their little fat stomachs bent themselves double, with their black heads nearly ramming the Teacher's knees. As the Teacher saw O Ai Chan, with her mother standing behind her, she came over, and greeted the mother with a bow, saying:—

"For the first time I have hung myself on your honorable eyes. I am called Lawrence. I beg your kind favors."

"My naughty little girl gave you a great deal of trouble by going to your school to-day. Please excuse her."

"No, indeed, she was very quiet and attentive, and I hope she will come again."

"My house is poor and dirty, but when you have leisure, will you come to play with us?"

"Thank you, I will be glad to. My home is on Kamino Street. I know you are busy, but I hope when you have leisure, you will come to play with me. *Sayonara.*"

After that, whenever the Jesus Teacher turned the corner into this little street, the first youngster that spied her, cried out: "*Kimashita! Kimashita!* (She's come, she's come)," which was the signal for all the others to run out to make their quaint, courteous bows and win a smile from her.

After the Teacher had passed, O Ai Chan entered the house, pulled out the soft thick quilts which had been rolled up in the closet during the day, and spread them out on the padded matting in the same room in which they ate and lived, for it was the only room in the house; then she called in her brothers and sisters, scrubbed their hands and faces, and, rolling contentedly between the quilts, they were soon fast asleep.

The mother lighted the bamboo lamp, placed

it on the floor, and sat down with her sewing. Presently, the father and big brother stopped working, closed the wooden doors at the front of the shop, and came in to sit by the lamp and read the paper. After which they all retired in the same manner.

One wonderful day, the Jesus Teacher not only turned into the street, but stopped at Mrs. Kawamura's door accompanied by a Japanese mission woman.[1] It was just the time of day that husbands are very busy, that big children are away at school, when the greatest part of the day's household work is done, and there is a little breathing space for the busy mother before it is time to get supper, so when Mrs. Kawamura heard the greeting "*Gomen nasai* (Please excuse me)" which is used in place of door-bells and knockers, she hurried to the entrance, well pleased to have visitors.

"Please come in."

The Teacher pulled off her shoes, and, as she and her companion passed through the shop,

[1] *Fujin dendoshi* is the title of the Japanese women who are teaching Christianity to their own people, and is variously translated "Bible woman," "Bible teacher," "Mission woman," "Helper."

bowed to the father and son saying, "We are a very great nuisance; please excuse us."

Mrs. Kawamura pushed back the sliding paper-covered partitions and ushered her guests into the living-room, where, bowing her forehead to the floor, she greeted them, saying, "You are very welcome."

"It is very discourteous not to have come to see you for so long," responded the guests, bowing low.

Bowing a second time, the hostess said, "It was most kind of you to take the trouble to come to my poor house."

"You are probably very busy and I am a great nuisance."

Bowing a third time, Mrs. Kawamura said, "Not at all, I have nothing at all to do; please do not hurry."

"I hope the health of all your family is honorably unchanged."

"All are very well, thanks to your honorable shadow (kindness). Please sit on this cushion."

"Thank you, but I am very comfortable just as I am."

"Please take the cushion, and sit here by the *hibachi*." [1]

Being thus urged, the guests seated themselves comfortably on the cushions, and as they gathered cosily around the *hibachi*, talked of the weather, and of O Ai Chan and her brothers and sisters, while Mrs. Kawamura deftly fanned the coals into a blaze until the tea-kettle sang and bubbled. When the tea was made, she placed before each guest a tiny cup and a plate of rice cakes and bean cakes, saying, "It is nothing at all, but please honorably accept it."

"Thank you," the guests said, bowing; but not until Mrs. Kawamura urged them three times did they say, "Thank you, I accept it," raising the cup in both hands, as they drank the tea in three sips with real enjoyment, in spite of its bitter taste and absence of cream and sugar.

Then Mrs. Kawamura begged them to eat the cake.

"Thank you, I accept it," and they broke it off bit by bit, very slowly, as they conversed about various topics of interest. About this time, the

[1] *Hibachi* is the stone or brass pot holding the charcoal fire.

husband came in from the shop, to pay his respects to the guests: —

"You are very welcome. My wife is very stupid, but she has nothing to do, so please take your time and make your feet as comfortable as possible."

The guests slid off their cushions to acknowledge his greeting, and then he returned to his work.

With all the ceremony of tea serving accomplished, the little hostess had time to chat comfortably, and it was her turn to ask questions.

"Your country is very far away; how long did it take to come to Japan?" . . .

"So long! You must have been very seasick." . . .

"Have you a father and mother?" . . .

"How many brothers and sisters?" (The answer must include yourself, so the new missionary is apt to bungle here.)

"Where is your husband?" . . .

"Oh, you have no husband!" (Intense surprise is courteously concealed as much as possible.)

"You must be very lonely." . . .

"Do you like Japan?"

This was a good opportunity to sow a little seed,

so the missionary answered: "Very much indeed. I am so happy myself, I want to help others to be happy, but I cannot talk very well in Japanese, so my friend here, Miss Tanaka, helps me."

"Oh, are you a teacher of the Christian religion, too?" she asks her Japanese guest.

Receiving an affirmative answer, she said nothing directly, but evidently it made a difference that this "foreign" religion had been accepted by one of her own countrywomen, and then —

"Ai told me about the songs and stories she heard at Sunday School." [1]

Just then the door slid open, and little O Ai Chan, her eyes shining with happiness, walked in to greet the Jesus Teacher, made her bow, and then sat quietly by her mother.

"So your name is Ai Chan? I should think you would be very happy to have such a beautiful name. You know love (*Ai*) is the secret of all happiness, so since your name is 'Love' you will surely be very happy, won't you?"

Many questions trembled on little Ai Chan's

[1] The "O" and "Chan" are titles corresponding to our "Miss" and are not used by the family in speaking to each other. "O" is used only for girls, and then only with names of one and two syllables.

tongue, but she was too shy and too polite to say anything, so she only listened to the talk of her mother and guests. Finally the guests slid off their cushions to make their farewell bows.

"It is very late, and I must return home."

"Oh, please talk a little longer."

"Thank you very much, but I have already been a great nuisance, and I will take my leave."

"I have been very rude, and my house is so dirty, please excuse me."

"Thank you for your great hospitality. When you have leisure, please come to play with me."

"Thank you. Will you please come again?"

"Surely I will come — no, please do not trouble yourself," as the hostess rose to go to the door, but the hostess, saying, "No, no, it is no trouble at all," slid back the doors, and the whole family went to the door, standing in a row, while the missionary, with a "Pardon me for being so rude," turned her back to put on her shoes.

"*Sayonara*, please come again."

"*Sayonara*, I have been a nuisance."

"No, no. Please come again. *Sayonara*."

"*Sayonara*" — and bowing themselves out backward, the guests depart.

"Mother, do you think that the love Teacher talked about is what makes her eyes different?"

"I don't know — are they different?"

"Oh, yes, Mother. Not just different in color, but there is a — a — shine in them, and a — a — sorry look, too — and, kind, I think; I can't tell, but I am going to find out."

"Very well; and you may take your brothers and sisters with you to Sunday School. They are so troublesome on Sunday when there is no School."

So the next Sunday, O Ai Chan and her brothers and sisters trooped off, being joined along the way by their neighborhood playmates, all agog with curiosity to see what "Sunday School" was like. As the teachers were helping them off with their clogs, they heard a little boy crying lustily at the gate, and teachers and children all ran out to see what was the trouble. Here they found one of the tiny Kindergarten tots with his mother and baby sister on the way to the bath-house, but as they reached the entrance to the Sunday School, the little fellow balked, crying: "I want to go to Sunday School. I want to go to Sunday School."

"I was taking him to the bath-house for a bath," said his mother, smiling, "but I think I will have

to let him go to Sunday School," and the little fellow trotted off, with his hand in the Teacher's, his face wreathed in smiles.

O Ai Chan's brother, Saburō Chan, at once met another big boy, Saito Kō Chan, who asked,—

"What is your name?"

"Kawamura Saburō."

"Where do you live?"

"Atago Street."

"How old are you?"

"Eleven years old. Where do you live?"

"Yokosuke."

"My! That's far away."

"Five miles."

"Do you come to Sunday School often?"

"Every Sunday. I walk in. See, I have two pennies; one penny is for two sweet potatoes for lunch, and one penny is for the offering."

"Offering? What is that?"

"Don't you know? Why, you see, we have this nice Sunday School, where we hear beautiful stories, and sing songs, and receive pretty pictures, but there are lots and lots of children who can't go to Sunday School, so we give our pennies here to help those other children."

"Huh! I'd rather spend mine for cakes."

"Oh, just wait, till you hear Teacher's stories"—

Pride goeth before a fall. Not many weeks later, Kō Chan did not appear, and Sunday after Sunday he did not come. What could be the matter? Then little whispers began to buzz around.

"What do you think Kō Chan did? His mother gives him two pennies, one for lunch and one for the offering, and one Sunday he spent both for lunch. His mother is so afraid he will be a thief when he grows up that she is punishing him."

"How?"

"She won't let him come to Sunday School."

"Huh! that ain't stealing," grunted Saburō Chan.

"I asked Teacher about it," said O Ai Chan, "and she said that for many boys and girls it is not stealing, because they have not been taught about helping others, but Kō Chan's mother had taught him very carefully, so it was wrong for him."

"Then it ain't stealing for me."

"Oh, Saburō, you're taught now!"

"Well, Father says it's all foolishness."

CHAPTER II

O AI CHAN'S HOLIDAYS

From December thirteenth, O Ai Chan's mother and the mothers in the houses all over Dai Nippon [1] were very busy; so busy that no one had time to exchange visits, and the Jesus Teacher kept discreetly out of the way; though, to be sure, it was a busy time for her too, for she was planning a happy Christmas for all her Christian friends and the Sunday School children. But that was not why the Japanese mothers were busy, for of course Christmas is not a national holiday in Japan. However, New Year is a great festival with them; and while January first, second, and third are the big days, the festival lasts till the sixteenth. Their January first now comes at the same time as ours, although it used to be five or six weeks later, because in olden times they reckoned time by the moon; so now in many

[1] The correct name for "Japan."

places people celebrate a holiday according to our calendar and then five or six weeks later celebrate it again according to the old calendar, so as to be sure of keeping on the good side of any invisible powers that be!

O Ai Chan had to help her mother make the *mochi*, a sort of thick paste made by beating rice in a mortar, patting into round cakes, and setting away to dry. All the woodwork, lacquer trays, and china had to be cleaned and polished most carefully; the matting must be brushed; all the clothing carefully mended; and, last of all, two pine trees, signifying long life, must be placed at either side of the entrance. As O Ai Chan came home carrying two very little trees, she passed many houses in front of which stood two stately trees with bamboo shoots mingled with their glossy dark green needles, and the *Shimenawa* or Holy Rope stretched across the gateway.

The first of January dawned bright and clear. The sun shining on the snow-laden roofs and slippery streets brought out into bold relief the rows of dark green pine trees. The national flag, with its round red sun, flying from every house, added a touch of color which made a strikingly beauti-

THE JESUS TEACHERS GOING TO THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST

ful scene. This scene soon changed to a moving picture show, for presently from every house poured forth the quaint little figures dressed in their very gayest, very brightest, bestest best kimonos. The boys began to fly kites, made in all sorts of grotesque shapes and bright colors, and looking like huge birds from some other clime as they soared into the blue sky. The little girls, too, had their customary sport for the New Year's season, and played happily at battledore and shuttlecock.

Presently, while the children were having such a jolly time, O Ai Chan's father and big brother came out of the house and started off to pay calls on all their friends. They were dressed in their beautiful silk kimonos, and silk-pleated divided skirts, over which they wore the *haori*, or coat of black silk, decorated with the family crest done in white on back, sleeves, and front, the whole costume topped with an American hat. By this time, the streets were full of men, many dressed in full American costumes, all going on the same joyous errand, while the wives were at home ready to serve tea and *mochi* to all guests. All around *sori* or boxlike sleds, pushed by the *kuramaya*

(coolie men), skimmed over the snowy streets; here and there were groups of soldiers out on leave, their brown uniforms (coat and trousers), brass buttons, and colored straps adding to the picture; occasionally an officer would dash by on horseback, proud of his newly acquired accomplishment; for this is the great holiday time of the year, when for three days all work stops, and fun and frolic have high carnival.

After three days, business was taken up again, and the wives in their turn went out to pay visits. O Ai Chan and her brothers and sisters, with great pride, watched their mother as she left the house in her pretty gray silk kimono and black *haori*; her abundant black hair arranged in the required rolls and puffs betokening a married woman, and crowned with a dainty gold and silver hair ornament. She had barely passed out of sight, when the familiar cry, "*Kimashita, Kimashita,*" was heard, and the children all turned just in time to receive a bow and smile and New Year's greeting, "*Omeditō Gozaimasu* (I wish you joy)," from the Jesus Teacher as she whizzed past in her *sori*, well wrapped up in soft fur skins. She was followed by a second *sori*, in which was another foreign woman.

The interested children watched till they saw the little sleighs turn in at the gateway of a grand house on the corner. "I think she is invited to a *gochisō* (feast), and that is her friend," they said.

And so, to be sure, she was. The street on which this house stood was given over to residences and much wider than the one where O Ai Chan's home was. Here also there were no sidewalks, but an open, filthy gutter on either side; and instead of the little shops opening right on the street, nothing could be seen but black fences about eight feet high, which entirely hid from view the houses and gardens within, and gave that absolute privacy which is the ideal of every Japanese home. At this holiday season, all the gates stood wide open, and, with their festive decorations of pine branches, Holy Rope, and the national flag, made a hospitable invitation to all friends to enter; but even then the houses were hidden from view by short winding driveways, bordered on either side with high hedges. Up such a drive, the Jesus Teachers' little sleighs shot merrily, and directly a short turn brought them to the front of the house. Each coachman (or "horse"; which is it when there is only one, and it is a man?) came around from

the back of the sleigh, opened the little door in front, pulled off the fur rugs, and the two foreigners stepped out. At the front door, they called "*Gomen nasai*"; from far within the house the answering "*Hai Hai*" was heard, and immediately a little maid appeared and slid back the "*shoji*," [1] and then went down on her hands and knees to make the greetings. Leaving the guests standing at the open door, she ran to call her mistress, who at once came to the door and invited them in. Miss Lawrence, with the ease of an old campaigner, calmly stepped out of her shoes, but her friend, Miss Berkeley, one of those forlorn creatures, "a new missionary," struggled pathetically with her footgear, standing first on one foot, and then the other, feeling herself getting redder and redder, until at last she too was free to follow Miss Lawrence into the house, past the kitchen, and through the family living-room to the guest-room in the back. Here the formal greetings were made, and they were urged to sit comfortably on cushions, while O Chiyo San, the daughter of the house, pushed back the *shoji*,

[1] Sliding doors made of light wooden lattice work covered with white paper.

which opened out on the beautifully polished *engawa*, or corridor, which ran the length of the house, and across the back. Their host, Dr. Ishii, had studied in Germany, and was, therefore, familiar with modern ideas of comfort, so the *engawa* was enclosed in glass, and thus protected from the nipping wintry air, while the guests could still look out into the beautiful garden with its frozen pond and snow-covered fantastic-shaped rocks and shrubbery. Generally in Japan it is necessary, in order to have light, to have the house open to all outdoors.

The guests and hostess gathered about the *hibachi* to warm their fingers over the blazing charcoal and enjoy the usual chat and tea and cakes which are preliminary to a feast. Dr. Ishii was a prosperous physician, and both he and his wife were members of old aristocratic families, charming cultured people, with a good command of English, for which Miss Berkeley breathed a sigh of thanksgiving as she joined in the conversation. With pleased surprise, she noted all the details of the beautiful room she was in, feeling that in harmony of color, beauty of line, and quiet restfulness, it surpassed anything she had ever seen.

The matting was spotless, white, and thickly padded, bordered with black and white braid; the ceiling was inlaid with squares of natural wood shining like satin; the *fusuma*, or sliding partitions, were covered with paper of delicate shades, ornamented with scrolls and conventional figures of gold; the *tokonoma*, or recess, across one end of the room, was of the finest wood highly polished, the beautifully painted scroll hanging to the left of the pillar was one valuable both for the fame of the artist, the real beauty of the picture, and the fineness of its silk mounting; underneath stood a vase, the artistic arrangement of the flowers being a work of love of O Chiyo San; on the shelves to the right of the central pillar were one or two pieces of rare bric-à-brac; in the centre of the room stood a low lacquered table. There was no other furniture or ornament.

After about an hour, the feast was brought in individual lacquered trays. The guests were still sitting near the entrance, the most humble seat in the room, so now Mrs. Ishii courteously begged — "Please come up higher."

"Thank you; we are very comfortable as we are."

"But no; please come up here," placing cushions as she spoke in front of the *tokonoma*, the place of honor.

"You are very kind, but we are quite comfortable, thank you."

"Please take seats here."

"I am such a poor thing, it is most embarrassing; still if you wish it" — and the guests moved up.

The meal was a delicious one. The main dish was *chawanmushi*, an unsweetened custard containing mushrooms, chicken, chestnuts, and "everything else that is good"; there was a delicious salad of lotus roots, with a dressing made of walnuts; there was the ceremonial fish of Japan, the *tai*, with *shōyū*, a black salty sauce; pickles there were, of course, delicate slices of cucumbers pickled in salt and cut in artistic shapes; lastly, of course, there was the *mochi* which had been toasted until it was puffy and brown, and with it was a thick, black, very sweet sauce made of beans, which is very good to taste, but most difficult to eat, being gummy and tough. As Miss Berkeley balanced a large lump of it in the chopsticks, while she tried to bite off a

mouthful, she hoped desperately that she would not have to solve the difficulty by putting it all in her mouth at once; however, her kind hostess overlooked her bad manners, knowing it was all so new to her. The feast took a long time, for it is not polite to eat too much or appear too hungry, so between mouthfuls the chopsticks would be laid down and conversation carried on.

"You must be very homesick in this strange country," said the little hostess.

"A little; but every one is so kind to me. I know I shall be very happy."

"The language must be very difficult."

"Yes, and I am so stupid I cannot remember anything."

Mrs. Ishii was a Christian, and so she was eating with her guests, out of deference to the American custom, while her daughter helped the servants.

Finally, the feast was over, and the guests with low bows said, "I have partaken of an honorable feast."

After this, the trays were taken away, tea was served, and the guests played the game "The Poems of a Hundred Poets," which is the great

Playing the Game of "The Poems of a Hundred Poets"

diversion of the New Year's season. The one hundred famous poems are printed on two hundred cards — the first half on one card, and the last half on another. The second one hundred cards are dealt out, face upward, and as a reader reads the first half of a poem, there is a scramble to turn down its other half, the object being to see who can get the most cards turned down.

At a late hour, the guests made their farewell bows of leave-taking, and were soon being pushed homeward in their *sori*.

At breakfast the next morning, which, let me say in passing, consisted of fruit, oatmeal, and eggs, and was eaten from a table set with the customary forks, knives, and spoons, while the teachers rested their stiff joints in the habitual comfort of chairs, Miss Berkeley said, "What was that thin, red stuff we ate last night?"

"You didn't know what it was, then? I imagined you did not. It was raw fish."

"Raw fish! — Well," philosophically, "I am glad you did not tell me, for if I had known, I would not have touched it, but I really liked it."

"Did you enjoy the evening?"

"Very much, but I surely did have a struggle

with that *mochi*, and I thought I never should get my legs straightened out. Mrs. Ishii is a very interesting woman."

"Yes, she was educated in a Mission Girls' School, and is a real helpmate to her husband. He is not a Christian, but is not antagonistic either, and so gives her liberty to do as she pleases. Moreover, she has studied American cooking and she can give the patients in his hospital nourishing and proper food. They each have an income besides his fees, and do a great deal of good, giving much to charity and helping many people. He is inquiring earnestly about the Christian teaching.

"I am going to ask what I know is a stupid question. Is it absolutely impossible for us to live on the native diet?"

"It is not a stupid question at all. We all go through the stage of feeling that we ought to live just as the Japanese do; but it has been proved over and over again that it is absolutely impossible for us. Miss Huntingdon, for instance, who has lived here for over fifteen years, and should be acclimated if any one is, has told me that she had quite a serious illness, and the Japanese doctor asked her at once if she had been

eating the native food. She had been doing so for ten days, because she had no trained cook and it was less trouble, and that was the cause of her sickness. Moreover, when a missionary goes off on an evangelistic trip of even only ten days in the country, living on native food, he becomes so run down, it takes two weeks or a month to get well again. Even the Japanese themselves suffer from all sorts of stomach troubles. Indeed, the longer we live here, the less able we are to eat the native food in comfort. There are too few of us as it is, so we must not take any risks."

"I promise to be good. Certainly we would be foolish not to profit by the experience of those who have trodden the path ahead of us."

When the long, midwinter holidays were over, all the boys and girls trotted eagerly off to school again, for would there not be another holiday very soon? This is *Kigen Setsu*, February 11, the day when *Jimmu Tennō*, the first Emperor of Japan, ascended the throne, 660 B.C. On that day, the children hear the old story of the beginning of their race, as follows: —

"Long, long ago, before the dawn of history,

the gods and goddesses lived in the plain of high heaven, all existing without creation. There they assembled in great state for a consultation, as a result of which they recommended *Izanagi* and *Izanami* to make, consolidate, and give birth to land, presenting them with a heavenly spear. Standing on the floating bridge of heaven, they dipped the spear into the brine, and drew it up. From the brine which dripped from the end of the spear was created an island. On this they rested the end of the heavenly bridge, and descended from heaven to earth. This island is in the Inland Sea. By the industry of Izanagi and Izanami, all the beautiful islands which form Dai Nippon were created. Lastly were born three children: —

"Heaven Shining, Great August Deity, Goddess of the Sun.

"His Augustness, Moon, Night Possessor, God of Night.

"His Brave Swift Impetuous Male Augustness, God of the Sea.

"The God of the Sea quarrelled with *Amaterasu*, Sun Goddess, broke down the fences of her rice-fields, filled up the water sluices, and defiled her

garden. The Sun Goddess became very angry, retired to a cave, and closed the door, thus casting the whole plain of heaven and the new-born earth into darkness. Myriads of deities (*Kami*) assembled to consider how to induce her to come out, as a result of which the following elaborate preparations were made: They made flutes out of the bamboo, and a musical instrument out of the reeds; they invented a series of intricate dances, they wove a rope out of the rice straw, they made beautiful jewels, and lastly they polished a piece of metal until it became a mirror. Then they erected a stage outside of the cave, and all began to dance and to pipe and to sing, making such an interesting and enticing racket that *Amaterasu* perforce, out of curiosity, opened the door of the cave a crack and peeped out, whereupon the '*Kami*' held the polished mirror before her face. *Amaterasu*, for the first time seeing her reflection, thought she beheld a powerful rival, and, in order to crush her, stepped entirely out of the cave. At once the door was slammed shut, and the rope stretched across to bar the entrance."

To commemorate this event, there is in every

Shintō shrine a mirror, a sword, and a jewel, and across the front is stretched the *Shimenawa*, or Holy Rope.

After a certain time, Amaterasu sent her grandchild down to live on the earth and rule it. He descended upon the peak of Takachiko in the island of *Kyūshū*, built a palace and lived there. His great grandson was Jimmu Tennō. The Japanese claim that the present Emperor is the direct descendant of Jimmu Tennō, and therefore the "Son of Heaven" with divine right to rule the Japanese Empire. Therefore, the very biggest holiday of all is *Ten Chō Setsu*, the Emperor's birthday,[1] which corresponds perhaps to our Fourth of July.

It was on this day that O Ai Chan was very busy dressing her brothers and sisters and herself in their best and brightest kimonos, while Saburo Chan hung out the flag. Soon they started to school, and mingled with the throngs of quaint little Kindergarten children, sturdy primary boys and girls, bright-faced high-school girls, dignified middle-school boys in all the glory of the uniform of coat and trousers, and the important-looking

[1] The Emperor Mutsuhito died July 30, 1912. His birthday was November third.

high-school boys, all flocking to their schools to do honor to their Emperor.

Miss Lawrence met her little friends and went with them to the primary school, which had windows, doors, blackboards, wooden floors, seats, and desks. Most of these young people who are sitting on seats at school are growing taller than their fathers and mothers. In the front of the room was the Emperor's picture. The children marched in and stood facing it, rank upon rank, with bowed heads, while the principal read what the Emperor had to say about education; then they saluted the picture, sang the national anthem, and filed solemnly out.

O Ai Chan clung to the Jesus Teacher's hand while Saburo Chan went off with his friend, Bunkichi San, asking, "Bunkichi San, have you ever seen a picture of the review?" to which Bunkichi San replied, "What is a review?" "Well, a little while ago, Teacher told us that on *Ten Chō Setsu* in Tokyo, all the soldiers gather and march past the Emperor. That is a review." "Oh, then I have never seen it." "If that is so, please come to my house, and I will show you a picture of it," and off they went hand in hand.

In the meantime, Miss Lawrence and O Ai Chan had hurried to Church, where the Japanese Christians were gathered to do honor to the Emperor by joining in the beautiful service set forth in the Prayer Book of the *Sei Kō Kwai*.[1] It was a reverent and beautiful service, and the Christians are happy to know that instead of teaching disloyalty to the Emperor, Christianity teaches them to "honor and obey the civil authority, to submit myself to all my governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters; to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters."

In the afternoon, all the Christians in the city gathered for a union service in the big Assembly Hall; there were hymns, and prayers, and speeches, and, lastly, a general social time, while they partook of tea and cakes.

Another holiday soon followed, November 23, *Hōnen Matsuri*, or The Offerings of the First Rice, which is the Japanese Thanksgiving Day. Early in the morning, O Ai Chan anxiously inquired, "Mother, we have no school to-day, because it is *Hōnen Matsuri*; are you going to the shrine?"

[1] The Holy Catholic Church of Japan, a branch of the Church of England and the American Episcopal Church.

"*Ma! Ma!* (my! my!) is that so? I am very tired, and there is much work to do. The winter quilts are not all sewed yet. How would it be not to go?"

"Oh, Mother! Not go! It is just as you say, of course, but don't you want to see all your friends?"

"I am too busy to go, but here is an offering for us; go and take the child. I will be caretaker," the husband called from the shop in front.

Immediately Mrs. Kawamura's eyes brightened, and she set about getting ready. For she wanted to go very much, but in Japan some one must always stay at home to watch the house; there were no servants in this humble home, and she could not ask her husband to stay, but since he had told her to go, it was all right.

The toilets took a long time, for a hair-dresser had to be called in to arrange Mrs. Kawamura's hair. The gray silk kimono was adjusted most carefully, tied tightly with cord, and then the *obi*, or girdle, of beautifully brocaded silk, several yards long, stiff and wide and very heavy, was wound round and round and fastened in great stiff loops in the back — very beautiful, but anything but comfortable. O Ai Chan's hair was care-

fully combed back tightly and smooth and tied on the top of her head, where it was divided and made into two round O's held up by a strip of stiff paper decorated with butterflies. Her kimono was of very bright colors, with a girdle of gorgeous red and yellow.

Mother and daughter then started off for the long walk to the shrine on the outskirts of the city. Each carried a paper parasol to protect her against the treacherous rays of the sun, and each looked longingly at the beautiful silk ones carried by most of the women who thronged the main street on their way to the shrine. All walked with toes turned in, in order to keep on the clogs, taking short, shuffling steps, so that the narrow kimonos would not flare open in front. At last, they arrived at the end of the street, and saw before them the pine-covered hill on top of which stood the shrine. A long flagstone walk led to the foot, either side of which was lined with gayly colored booths in which could be bought everything imaginable in the way of eatables, drinkables, toys, and souvenirs. There were benches covered with red blankets — and in many tents were matting-covered platforms, on which

ENTRANCE TO THE SHRINE

the tired people could rest in their accustomed way by sitting on their feet. The babble of voices, the clink of tea-cups and glasses, the cries of the vendors peddling their wares, made a perfect bedlam.

O Ai Chan was thrilled with delight. It was the great day of the year for her, the only "circus" she knew. She and her mother passed through the long lane of booths, and then began slowly to mount the long flight of stone steps to the shrine; at the top they passed under the stone *torii* flanked on either side by a high pole bearing a long white banner on which was written the name of the festival. A *torii* stands at the entrance of every shrine and means "bird-rest." They were originally used as a rest for the birds and chanticleers which were dedicated to the gods. Beyond the *torii* stood the shrine, a small unpainted wooden building with a thatched roof, and very unpretentious. Across the front was hung the *shimenawa,* from which dangled the *gohei,* or strip of paper which represented the offerings to the gods. The front was enclosed by a lattice work, through which could be seen the mirror, sword, and jewel. The priest or caretaker enters the shrine only

when some necessity arises. O Ai Chan and her mother mounted the rough wooden steps and then, by means of a rope hanging near, rang a bell to call the attention of the deity; next they stood with bowed heads and clapped their hands twice, three times, making a silent petition, dropped a coin in a box, and then Mrs. Kawamura took from her girdle a slip of paper on which her husband had written a petition, made a spitball of it, and threw it at the shrine. She watched anxiously and heaved a sigh of relief as she saw that it stuck fast, for that meant that the petition would be answered. The whole front of the shrine was dotted with these spitballs; in addition there were a large number of rough paintings and drawings, representing petitions, tacked all over the shrine. All this required but a few minutes, and then O Ai Chan and her mother turned and slowly descended the long flight of steps till they had joined the merrymakers at the foot. Here they met many friends and relatives, and tongues wagged busily, since, for many, this was the only time through the year when they could meet. This year, rain and sun had been propitious, and a large crop of rice had been harvested, so the crowd

at this Feast of Harvest Home was unusually large and very lively. The little girls and boys sang this song: —

"This year much rice was harvested;
So we celebrate this Harvest home;
The village young people, old people, children,
All are gathered at the shrine.
Here the drums sound, dun dun do dun.
There the people's voices, wai — wai — wa — a — i
Here the actors,
There the wrestlers,
Quickly, quickly, let us go.
Hasten, hasten."

— and so singing, O Ai Chan and her friends all wended their way homeward, tired but happy.

All unknown to O Ai Chan, while she had been enjoying herself at the shrine, a small group of her countrymen and women were gathered in the little frame Church down in the city, giving thanks to the Great Father of all for the bountiful harvest. It was a trial for them to break away from the fun and frolic of the "*matsuri*" at the shrines and temples; but they knew they had received instead something more real and lasting, and something which grew more precious year by year.

While O Ai Chan is sleeping, let us take a flying trip to Tokyo, and visit for a little while, not a Shintō shrine, but the famous *Asakusa Dera*, or Buddhist temple, in Asakusa Park. This is a very popular park, always crowded with people, especially in cherry blossom or chrysanthemum time, but always full of interesting things — all sorts of animals and birds in cages, a sort of vaudeville entertainment, a Ferris wheel, photograph gallery, post-card stands, and, of course, all kinds of things to eat and drink. In the Park also stands the temple, very much more imposing than the simple shrine. It is approached by a stone walk lined on either side by large stone lanterns, which, when illuminated on festal occasions, make a spectacle well worth seeing. On either side of the gateway, the Temple is guarded by a huge, hideous figure of an idol, grinning like a demon.

When we reach the Temple itself, we find a large building all finished in lacquer and gold-leaf, with the tiled roof drooping low in graceful curves. Facing the entrance, we see the large ornate altar with its tall candlesticks, and huge bronze vases filled with bronze lotus leaves. On

either side are small altars. Worshippers are coming and going. Here we see a priest sitting before the low reading-desk mumbling over the prayers, and at intervals striking the deep-toned gong beside him, oblivious of all else; there we see a priest before a small altar saying a service for the woman kneeling beside him. We catch the pungent odor of burning incense; we see the people stop for a second as they pass the doors, bringing their palms together. Near the altar is a large box with slatted lid, into which the offerings are dropped — a scene of constant movement, and a jumble of sounds. Do you see that queer-shaped lump of shiny wood on the pedestal over there? Look closer. It was once the image of the god of healing — *Bindzuru* — but now it is worn to a shapeless mass, polished smooth by countless hands; and if you have any ailment you need only to rub the god in the part of his anatomy which corresponds to your ailment, then rub your own body, and you will surely get well. Here comes a beggar in filthy rags, his eyes loathsome from disease. Just as he has rubbed the place where *Bindzuru's* eyes were, and gone on, a mother approaches with a dear little girl in her

arms, and guides the tiny fingers to the god's eyes and then back to her own, taking, alas! not the blessed healing desired, but the filthy germs left by the beggar. We shudder, sick at heart. And this is only one superstition of a great many.

By the time we get back to O Ai Chan's home, it is Sunday morning and breakfast is all over. To be sure, Sunday is no different from other days; her father and brother are working steadily; all the traffic is going on just the same; the children are standing around in the street, and squads of soldiers pass by, off duty for a few hours; only the schools and banks are closed. All morning O Ai Chan has been turning a thought over and over in her mind, and with palpitating heart she determines on action. She is going to find out how the Christian worship differs from the Shintō worship. When she reaches the Church door, bashfulness nearly overcomes her, but as she hesitates, the Jesus Teacher lifts her head, sees her, and motions her to come to her. Quietly she steals over the matting and sits beside the Teacher.

At first, she is too shy to raise her eyes, but sitting in the familiar fashion on the mat-

ting gives her courage, and gradually there comes upon her a feeling of wonder at the quiet. Not a voice is heard, only the soft sound of the pad-pad of stockinged feet, as the congregation gathers. When she does raise her eyes, she sees the men on one side, the women on the other, sitting quietly with bowed heads, and she notes with surprise that as each one takes his place, he kneels in silent prayer, and she wonders to whom he is praying. Ah ! there is an altar, but not like any she has seen ; vases there are, but with real flowers ; and two candlesticks, but simple. Her thoughts are interrupted by the strains of the little melodeon, and as the congregation rises to sing, she sees two ministers in white robes enter by a side door and ascend to the chancel. She joins happily in the hymn, familiar to her in Sunday School, "Onward, Christian Soldiers, marching as to war."

As the service proceeds, she can understand very little of what is said, for it is in the difficult literary language far beyond the understanding of a little girl, but the reverence and dignity of the service in which priest and people unite as a whole, convey to her a hint of the "peace which passeth understanding." She cannot understand the

sermon, but she is fascinated by the earnestness of the minister's voice and eyes. Then suddenly she realizes that again and again the word "*Kami*" is being used. "Do the Christians believe in all the hundreds of gods she has heard of all her life? No, now he is saying, 'Your Heavenly Father.' Why that is silly, the gods can't be a father. 'One only true God.' What! Only one God! Why, one God can't take care of the sun and the rice and the moon and the water, and all the little boys and girls! I will ask Teacher to explain it." The sermon is over, and the service is proceeding. "I wish I could see what he is doing at the altar." Then she hears Teacher say, "Just sit here, I will be back in a moment"; and all the people go up to the altar and kneel, and the priest gives each of them something. When Teacher comes back, her eyes are shining more wonderfully than before. "Is that what makes her eyes different from ours?"

I wonder if it was then that the wish to become a Christian was born in O Ai Chan's heart?

Now the service is over, and all the people move quietly into the room adjoining the Church,

greet each other, drink tea, and talk over the events of the week, bearing "each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys."

When O Ai Chan reached home, she ran to her mother, saying, "Mother, please excuse me, but I went to Church; and oh, Mother, it is very, very different from the shrine, so quiet and prayerful; and, Mother, you know that gold ornament in the shape of ten (+) that Teacher wears? Well, there is one on the outside of the Church, and another on the altar. They call it *Jūjika.* I want to know what it means."

CHAPTER III

ENTERING ST. MARGARET'S

"*Kwaji! Kwaji!* Fire ! Fire !" The dread cry rang out over the sleeping town. In the twinkling of an eye, from all directions could be seen hundreds of bobbing balls of light, which as they came nearer proved to be, not a parade, but the colored paper lanterns carried by men, women, and children as they hurried eagerly and anxiously along the dark street to the scene of the fire, unconscious of the picture they made in the darkness.

The burning building was the Government Normal School, which, with its campus, occupied a whole block. This isolation and the fact that recent rains had thoroughly soaked the roofs, prevented it from spreading, though sparks and bits of blazing wood were carried over the city to great distances. The dense mass of people stood helplessly watching it burn, when sud-

denly, as one man, there arose a cry: "What is it? What is it?" as the figure of a student was seen dashing from the burning building. As he reached safety, he held on high the picture of the Emperor! This picture hangs in every school, and the students take turns spending the night in the school to guard it. This night it was Kawamura San's turn to watch. He risked his life to save the picture! "*Banzai! Banzai!* (Bravo! Bravo!) Kawamura San! Kawamura San! What a hero is Kawamura San!" echoed from hundreds of throats.

With great ceremony, his schoolmates escorted him back to his home, where his mother and O Ai Chan were waiting and watching in great anxiety.

"My son! You are safe! We are grateful. We must give thanks."

By morning, the whole city rang with the news. At breakfast it reached the Jesus Teacher, and immediately she went to make a call of congratulation. After the regular greetings were over: "You have been very brave. I congratulate you," she said.

"Oh, no, I did nothing at all."

"Were you injured?"

"Just a few slight burns."

Presently his friends came to carry him off for a tea-drinking in the park to celebrate the great event, and Mrs. Kawamura and O Ai Chan, the Teacher, and the Mission Woman gathered around the *hibachi* for a comfortable chat.

Again and again, the wonderful events of the preceding night were discussed and wondered over, and rediscussed. Then in a little lull in the conversation, Mrs. Kawamura said, "It is very rude of me, but will you please tell me why you wear this gold ornament shaped like a ten (+)?"

The Teacher's eyes shone with gladness at such an opportunity, as she answered, "I would be very glad to tell you, but I speak Japanese so poorly, I will ask the Mission Woman to tell you."

And then, in her soft, musical voice, little Tanaka San began to tell in simple language the old, old story that never grows old.

Then the Mission Teacher said: "And so I wear the cross on my breast; that it may help me always to show to others by thought, word, and deed what Christ's love means, and that my

friends here may learn that it is the symbol of Christ's Life. I also wear this ring, which is your word for love. It is because of love that we want to come so far from home to help you, for Christ's love teaches us to love everybody. Do you remember, O Ai Chan, that I said to you once before that you had a beautiful name to live up to?"

"Oh, yes! And I would like to have that kind of love!"

O Ai Chan seemed in a fair way to find out about that love, for she came regularly to Church and Sunday School, and was always an attentive listener, and as the days and months went by, even her teachers did not know how much the Great Truths were taking root in the eager little heart. They in their blindness thought she was "too young to understand," but, as always, "a little child shall lead them," for one day when the Teacher was at her desk struggling with Japanese verbs, a guest was announced, and O Ai Chan stole softly in.

"This is a great pleasure; I am glad to see you, Honorable Miss Girl."

American post-cards, usually a never failing

source of delight, soon lost their interest, and games were tried, but these, too, seemed uninteresting. Then the scared little voice said —

"May I just talk to you, Teacher?"

"Yes, dear." What was going on in that little head?

Then in a voice which could scarcely be heard, "Can I be baptized?"

"Dear, I am glad you came to me. You know it would make me very happy, but would your father and mother be willing?"

"I do not know. Will you please go to see them?"

"Yes, I shall, and then shall let you know."

So the Teacher and the Mission Woman called at the Kawamura home, and talked long about the weather, the price of rice, the health of the children, the regularity with which they came to Sunday School, the zeal with which they listened to the stories, and then —

"Do you remember the story we told you about this cross?"

"Yes, very well."

"O Ai Chan loves that story, loves it so well that she wants to be a Christian."

"A Christian! Oh, but —"

"You are very kind to have taught my naughty little daughter as you have done, and I thank you for being so patient with her," said the father as he came in from the shop to join in the conversation.

"It has been a pleasure to teach her, and I hope it will be agreeable to you to allow her to become a Christian."

"Thank you, thank you very much. Your honorable religion is most worthy, and my daughter is far too unworthy to join it. We thank you for your kindness." His bow was final, so the guests took their departure.

O Ai Chan overtook them, her eyes silently asking a question.

"Dear child, your father is opposed, and so you must wait awhile, but you can keep on loving, and that is really being a Christian in your heart."

"Then I can never be a mission woman, can I?"

"Is this what is in your heart?"

"Yes, but now I shall never be good enough."

"None of us in this whole wide world are

'good enough' for that Work, but if we just have faith enough and love enough and longing enough, God can use each one of us. Do you really want to do this?"

"Yes, I do; there are so many boys and girls who have not heard." . . .

By this time, O Ai San[1] had been graduated from both the primary and higher primary schools, which took her about as far as our grammar grades. To continue her education further, it would be necessary for her to enter the Girls' High School. Here the monthly fees would be much higher, more of a tax than the father could pay. So the Teachers debated long and earnestly as to what was best to do, as a result of which, one day, the Japanese Catechist, or Pastor, paid a visit to the Kawamuras' home. He was a man who had not had the opportunity for much education, but, zealous for Christ's religion, he had received some training in the Catechetical School in Tokyo, and now, with no hope of ever being ordained to the diaconate, or priesthood, was working faithfully,

[1] "Chan" and "San" both mean "Mrs." or "Miss," but "Chan" is the diminutive used for children only.

visiting and teaching, and aiding the foreign missionary priest through the maze of unusual customs and languages.

When he reached the Kawamura house, Mr. Kawamura at once stopped work and ushered him into the living-room. They settled comfortably down by the *hibachi*, and Mr. Kawamura filled his tiny little pipe with tobacco, took three whiffs and refilled it, while Mrs. Kawamura gave them tea and cakes. The men discussed the weather, business, crops, the new Normal School now being built, the bravery of the son — which brought them naturally, and yet in the usual roundabout way, to the real object of the visit.

"Your Honorable Daughter, also, shows much zeal."

"No, she is a poor thing and very noisy and disobedient."

"Indeed no, I have always seen her most gentle and quiet. We are happy to have her at the services."

"Yes, yes, *Sei Ko Kwai*. I have no time for such foolishness, and I do not understand it, but Ai, yes, Ai is happy, and it makes no difference to me that she goes, while she is little."

"It is a difficult religion for foreigners to teach in a strange language."

"Strange language! But Japanese! That is an easy language. It is the English that is so hard."

"Yes, it is true, the English is hard for us, but the Japanese is just as hard for the foreigners."

"I think they must be very stupid."

"Perhaps so, but they study very hard. However, for that reason they are anxious to have many Christian Japanese teachers. Would you be willing to have your honorable daughter become a teacher?"

"She is much too stupid."

"Pardon me, if I disagree with you; but of course she would need education. I understand she has graduated from the Higher Primary School. Is she to enter the Girls' High School?"

"I am too poor; I have four children at school now. It is hard to feed so many mouths."

"Then Honorable Miss Girl will remain at home?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps so. She is one more mouth to feed, and I have an offer to sell her."

"But that will be a very sad and cruel life for her, will it not?"

Map showing Relative Size and Latitudes of Japan and the United States

"Probably so; her mother objects. But I cannot make enough money to buy so much rice."

"It is pitiable. Now if the Foreign Teacher would be willing to send your honorable daughter to school, would you object?" (Ah, the kernel has been reached at last — this is the real object of the visit!)

"Well, as to that now, I would still have to feed her, and, if I sell her, it will keep the son through school."

"To be sure, but there is a Christian School in Tokyo, St. Margaret's, where she could live. Perhaps the Foreign Teacher could be persuaded to send her there."

"Tokyo! She would need better clothes to live there. I cannot afford such clothes."

"But if she becomes a teacher, will she not be of more use to you than if you sell her?"

"To be sure, she would then bring in money constantly, but I can do nothing for her."

"Father!"

"My son! When did you arrive? It is my eldest son Tarō from Sendai. He graduated from the Higher School there."

A young man entered and was introduced to

the Catechist, and after the formal greetings, said: —

"I am glad to know you. A great change has come over my life recently. In Sendai, I joined a Bible Class in English taught by a new missionary who was studying Japanese. My English is poor, so I could not understand all she said, but I learned enough to know that Christianity is what I and my countrymen need; so I am a Christian."

"A Christian! I will not permit it."

"I am sorry, Father. It grieves me to hurt you. Some day you will understand better."

"You will be interested then to know that your sister is receiving Christian teaching, and the Teacher wishes to send her to school in Tokyo," said the Catechist.

"How very kind! Father, you will let her go?"

"She has no clothes for Tokyo."

"I have been appointed teacher in a school in the country, and I will give her the clothes," the brother answered.

"Very well, she can go," and so the momentous question was decided.

The Catechist was simply acting as "go-between," for in any important transactions, particularly one involving money, it is customary for an intermediary to conduct negotiations. So now he formally took his leave, and hurried to the Teacher's home, where she was eagerly waiting to hear the result of his mission.

Her home was a Japanese house, a little more pretentious than its neighbors, for it had a second story, which is necessary for the health of Americans. It was comfortably furnished with chairs, tables, and bedsteads, portières were hung at the walls to keep out the worst draughts, and a small sheet-iron wood stove replaced the *hibachi*, making the temperature very comfortable.

The Catechist was first served with tea, and then he plunged into an account of his mission, giving the conversation in detail, with many comments and addenda, concluding with the happy result already related.

O Ai San received the news with a sort of solemn joy and went about her preparations as one in a dream. Finally, a day in April dawned bright and clear; last preparations were made; O Ai San and her little telescope basket were

piled in a *kuruma,* and were trotted off to the station. Here were the Teacher, Mission Woman, and a great crowd of her schoolmates and Sunday School fellows, all come to see her off — a gracious custom, which sends the traveller on a journey with the well wishes of his friends ringing in his ears : —

"Take care of yourself."

"Don't forget to write."

"Good luck to you."

"Come back soon."

Standing rank upon rank, the many-hued group bowed low, the greetings becoming a mere medley as the train began to move, while O Ai San, leaning from the car window, joy and terror and sorrow struggling for the mastery, bowed continuously, saying —

"Thank you, thank you, thank you for all your great kindness. Forgive my rudenesses. Please write. Take care of yourselves. Farewell — may your health be good. Thank you. *Sayonara sa-yo-na-ra, sa — yo — na — ra, s — a — y — o-n — a — r — a —*" and the train was lost to sight around the curve.

O Ai San immediately settled herself to enjoy

to the full this her first experience in a railway train. First, she thriftily took off her new pleated skirt, and her new kimono, which she had worn at the station to do honor to her friends; then she slipped off her clogs, curled her feet comfortably under her on the seat, and watched the changing landscape as it whizzed (?) past at twenty miles an hour. The small coaches of the third-class compartment, with the hard benches, seemed to her the acme of foreign style and comfort. When night fell, she put her head down on the back of the bench and went quite contentedly to sleep.

When the train drew into Uyeno Station early in the morning, she heaved a tiny little sigh of fright and dismay, for now she was entirely among strangers, but at once she heard a kind voice say: "Is this Kawamura San?[1] I am called Kurokawa. I am one of the teachers at St. Margaret's."

As O Ai San looked into the tender eyes shining with the same light she had seen in her Jesus Teacher's eyes, she felt absolute trust and followed

[1] Only the members of the family or intimate friends use the given or "Christian" name.

her without question. Soon they were settled in a *kuruma*, jogging off for the long trip to Tsukiji. The city of the Mikado! The mecca of every Japanese! The place to which all roads ascend, for no one may descend to the Emperor! O Ai San's eyes nearly popped out of her head as she tried to take in all the wonderful sights! Electric streets cars! Sidewalks! Paved streets! Magnificent stone and brick buildings, three and even four stories high! Stores with wide fronts of glass in which were displayed unimaginable magnificences! Telegraph and telephone wires! An automobile!

They crossed canal after canal, those dread disease breeders, and at last arrived in Tsukiji. O Ai San caught a glimpse of the tall spire of the Cathedral and then was whirled around a corner, and in a minute passed through the gateway of St. Margaret's. She caught a fleeting impression of the dormitory, teachers' residences, school building, assembly hall, and gymnasium surrounding the playground, and then she heard the Cathedral chimes calling to Morning Prayers. As in a dream she joined the long line of girls marching across the courtyard, and took her place. To

her the simple, brick Cathedral Church seemed very grand, with its pipe organ, choir stalls, carved altar, lectern and pulpit, and real pews. Then as she looked around the crowded Church — the pupils from St. Paul's on one side, and those from St. Margaret's on the other — and heard the service of hymn and chant, praise and prayer, she realized suddenly that she was a part of this great whole, and there rolled over her, like a wave, the deep significance and full meaning of the words, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

Service over, all marched to the big assembly room for the opening ceremony of the new school year. Classes did not begin till the next day, so the new girls had time to get acquainted and to settle in their new home. The dormitories were built in Japanese style, seven girls to a room. During the day, with the bedding all rolled away in the closets, the room was spick and span, and, furnished as it was with low writing-desks, made a comfortable study.

That night a group of very homesick little girls spread out their quilts, and, as an unaccustomed lump tightened her throat, O Ai San remembered the parting words of her Teacher: "O Ai Chan,

this is the first time you have left home and you will probably be homesick many times. You know I, too, am far away from home and often homesick. Would you like to know a sure cure? Do something for somebody who is more sorrowful than you."

"Nobody is so sorrowful as I am," thought O Ai Chan as she looked around at her roommates, "but I will try — Where is your home? — Oh, that is ever so much farther than mine. Is it the first time you have been away from home?"

"Yes, and my home is the most country of the country. I had to be carried in a basket five miles over a steep mountain road, then ride twenty miles in a *jinrikisha*,[1] and then two nights and a day on the railroad."

"Oh, but you must be tired. I am so sorry. What is your name?"

"Taniguchi Shige. What is yours?"

"Kawamura Ai."

"Do you feel frightened?"

"Oh, no, our Heavenly Father is watching over me."

[1] *Jinrikisha* and *kuruma* are the same words, *kuruma* being pure Japanese.

"Are you a Christian?"

"Inside I am, but not outside. My parents will not let me be baptized."

"Are you not afraid of offending the gods? Before I left home, I went to all the temples with Mother, and paid money to have the priests say prayers for me. I have the sacred mementos they gave me in this little bag around my neck, and to-day when they told me I must go to the Christian Church because it is a rule of the School, I was so frightened because I thought the gods would be angry and not take care of me. Now, at home, they are lighting the lamps at the shrines on the high shelf. I always did that, and I always helped set some of the newly cooked rice before the gods. My mother did not want me to come here; she just wanted me to learn housekeeping."

"Then why did you come?"

"I want to be educated, and father is fond of books and study and wanted me to come. I am glad to know we do not have to become Christians. I will be true to my family gods, and pray to them when I am in the Christian Church. Why have you been so kind to me, Ai Chan?"

And O Ai Chan's last thought as she dropped

asleep was, "Teacher is right; it does help to do something for some one else."

The rising bell at five began the new life for them, which followed day after day in the usual round of study and play, recitations and frolic.

During the noon hour, in addition to the regular schedule, Bible classes were held, the attendance at which was entirely voluntary, but which were always attended by an eager throng. A few stayed away, and among them was Taniguchi Shige San, true to her vows. But as time went on, she came one day to O Ai San and said: "I cannot help noticing how kind the Christians are. They surely do carry out the command I hear in Church, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' I think I would like to know more about it."

"I am so glad. Will you go with me to the Bible class to-morrow?"

"Yes, I want to study the Bible regularly."

So the years sped on, and our little friend grew into young womanhood. Her father's attitude at this time was negative. If his daughter could earn money as a Mission Woman, that would help. So one Sunday, standing at the Chancel steps, she was received as a Catechumen.

"'Do you believe in one true God, Maker of Heaven and Earth?'

"'I do.'

"'Will you give up the worship of all idols?'

"'I will.'

"'Do you desire to learn Christ's doctrine as a preparation to receive baptism?'

"'I so desire.'

"'We receive you as a Catechumen in the *Sei Kọ Kwai.*'"

After that, she received definite and careful instruction as a preparation for Baptism and Confirmation.

In a country where to become a Christian means many changes in one's life, it is found best to have a period of probation lasting at least a year between reception as a Catechumen and baptism, which gives opportunity for thorough preparation for and understanding of the new life.

But at last, O Ai Chan, with faith and hope grown stronger during the period of waiting, stood by the stone font, answered the questions clearly and sweetly, felt the water on her head, and heard the words:—

"Ai, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

"We receive this person into the congregation of Christ's flock . . ." She felt the cross on her forehead, and, with a glad thrill, realized that the heathen "Love" had become a spiritual "Love" for the healing of the nations.

Very shortly after that, a goodly number knelt at the altar rail, old men and old women, married men and married women, young men and maidens, and youngest of all knelt O Ai Chan, thrilled with a mighty purpose, as she felt the tender hands of the Chief Shepherd on her head, and heard the words:—

"Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace; that she may continue thine forever; and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

CHAPTER IV

THE RAW RECRUIT

It was recreation time at St. Margaret's. The formal gymnastic drill in the beautiful new gymnasium was over, and the playground swarmed with girls; here were a group of girls playing tennis, handling the rackets and the heavy hollow balls with real skill; here was a group being initiated into the mysteries of basket ball; here were a group enjoying the distinctly Japanese game of walking the swinging log, the lengthwise and sidewise motion having a tendency to cause one's stomach to turn upside down, while laughter and friendly chaffing followed the unlucky mortal who came to earth sooner than she intended; the younger girls were gleefully enjoying the world-old games of tag, fox and geese, and blindman's buff; here and there were other groups strolling about the crowded courtyard chatting and gossiping, or hanging over the railing of the *engawa*,

looking on; but a great number were sitting on the matting in their rooms, for after sitting on the floor for centuries, that is still the favorite recreation for the Japanese woman. This day, there was great reason for giving all the time to talking, for there was one absorbing topic of conversation: —

"When will the new missionaries arrive?"

"Day after to-morrow. The boat gets in Sunday morning."

"I wish we could go to meet them."

"How many are coming?"

"Two; they have been studying at the Church Training School for two years. They must be scholars." [1]

"Do you think they will come to St. Margaret's?"

"I hope so; oh, I hope so," said our little friend O Ai San, "for one of them is going to my home town to live, and I do want to see her. I had a letter from Mother this morning, and she said that Miss Lawrence is going away to live in another place. They held a farewell meeting for

[1] To be a *gakusha*, or scholar, is the ambition of every Japanese and the greatest praise they can bestow.

her day before yesterday, and gave her a beautiful tea set. She is all packed up, ready to go, and I am very sad. She was very kind, and I will miss her when I go back."

"Perhaps you will like the new teacher."

"Perhaps so; but she won't be able to talk Japanese. I wish I knew more English."

"Where are they going to stay in Tokyo?"

"At the Bishop's house," this from a big Senior, "and Mrs. Komiya and Mr. Kobayashi and the other workers are invited over there to meet them."

This is but a reflection of the talk that was buzzing all over the District — two new missionaries! Great plans were made for opening up work where the doors of opportunity stood wide open. Two new missionaries! Glad thanksgivings were offered from many hearts.

Sunday morning came. Kind friends travelled to Yokohama, were rowed in the funny clumsy *sampans* to the ocean liner anchored out in the harbor, climbed the gangway, and welcomed — *one* missionary!

"Where is Miss Lee?"

"At the last minute, she found she could not come," said Miss Morris.

"Not come!" Bravely they tried to hide their sickening disappointment, and make Miss Morris's arrival a cheerful one, but the atmosphere was depressing, and as she climbed down the gangway and was rowed away from the boat, the last link with America, her heart went down into her boots. The ride in a *jinrikisha* was a good counter-irritant, because the first time one enjoys the experience of being pulled by a man in a big baby carriage, the resultant foolish feeling crowds out all else.

The warm welcome given by all the members of the mission in Tokyo, with teas, luncheons, and dinners, dispelled all incipient homesickness, and made the new-comer feel at once that she was part of a big family. There was also the great pleasure of seeing St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul's School, and St. Margaret's School, heretofore known only through the "Spirit of Missions." Little did she have any idea how keenly the girls at St. Margaret's were watching her, so much so that years afterward O Ai San could tell what sort of a dress she wore!

But she was only one! One more or less in America makes so little difference — "The pro-

fessions are overcrowded;" "It is so hard to find a place to fit in;" "There are no vacancies."

And in the Far East only one had come!

The Standing Committee met in anxious consultation! The doors once more must be shut in the face of Opportunity. A weary man, struggling to carry the double burden of men's work and women's work, in a country where men are not welcome as teachers of women, must struggle on alone for a while longer. Noble men and women already bent to the breaking point by the double load they carried and the realization of the countless numbers still unreached, squared their shoulders to the burden to do — what they could? No, twice what they could. Miss Lawrence must stay on and help make a home for the one new-comer, and initiate her into the work. When the news was known, O Ai San came running to her roommates: —

"The Teacher is to stay, after all. I have just had a letter. She is unpacking. I am so glad, oh, so glad! But it is very embarrassing for her. Just think, she had had her farewell meeting, and made all her farewell calls, and received her

present. She was all ready to leave the next day. I think she must feel very much ashamed."

Truly, one counts ONE in the Far East!

Miss Morris started on her first railroad journey in Japan. Her stock in trade was a ticket to her destination, some Japanese currency, a lunch, and the word "*oyu*" (hot water). These carried her safely through to the journey's end. Entertainment by the way was not lacking. Across the aisle a man was enjoying the contents of a bottle of *sake* (native wine), and courteously leaned over and offered to share it. The car was crowded, but one man had succeeded in preëmpting space enough to lie flat, with the exception of his legs. These were elevated straight in the air. At times, they threatened to descend on the head of his neighbor, but he always straightened them at the crucial moment, and so slept all night long.

The wife of the priest in charge of the station to which she was going met Miss Morris along the line, and finally, tired and dirty, she arrived, only to have to face the assembled Christians and kindergarten children who had come to welcome her. With the gracefulness of a kangaroo, she attempted her first Japanese bow.

O Ai Chan's Mother greeting a Guest

The next day, Miss Lawrence took her for a walk to show her the city, and as they reached the gate on their return, they could see a caller sitting on the matting.

"That is O Ai San's mother. Now you must say, '*Sakujitsu arigatō gozaimashita,*'" said Miss Lawrence.

"W-h-a-t?"

"*Sakujitsu arigatō gozaimashita.*" It means, 'Thank you for yesterday!' She was at the station yesterday to meet you. I will say it slowly," laughed Miss Lawrence.

"*Sa-ku-ji-tsu a-ri-ga-tō go-za-i-ma-shi-ta.*"

"*Sa-ku-ji-tsu arigatō gozaimashita — Sakujitsu arigatō gozaimashita — Sakujitsu arigatō gozaimashita — Saku — Sak —*"

So by the time the door was reached, it had been memorized.

"I hope it means more to them than it does to me," she sighed.

Awkwardly the bow to the floor was made, awkwardly the unaccustomed sounds were dragged out — and the first Japanese sentence had been said! Balboa could have felt no more elation when he gazed at the Pacific.

For one hour and one quarter, Miss Morris sat on her feet, and listened to the unintelligible sounds which Miss Lawrence and her guest seemed to think were conversation!

The guest left, and Miss Morris was obliged to *crawl* ignominiously over the floor to a chair, where she could drag herself up and nurse her poor feet back to life and action.

"There is service this evening," said Miss Lawrence.

"Service! In Japanese! I wonder if I shall ever learn to conquer this awful language."

"Cheer up! I know it is hard, but if you believe, as I do, that the gift of the Holy Ghost enabled the Apostles to carry the Message to the various nations, you will find that Faith can still move mountains. And, oh, it is so wonderful to feel some Power beyond yourself twisting your tongue around the strange sounds so that in spite of mistakes, and they are many, the light of understanding shines in the eyes of your listeners. People who doubt miracles ought to come to the Mission Field."

"That is encouraging. I want to begin to study right away, but I feel so perfectly helpless."

"You will have to have a teacher. Have you thought of any one you would like to have?"

"No, indeed; I know no one."

"Well, O Ai San's brother, Tarō San, is buying her clothes for her. He is very earnest and faithful, and would like to study for the ministry. His salary as teacher of a country primary school is very small. How would you like to engage him as your Japanese language teacher?"

"That would be lovely. I lost my heart to O Ai San in Tokyo."

"Very well; we will ask the Catechist to try to make the arrangements. You will then be beginning your missionary work at once, for what you pay him will be a big help and make it possible for him to enter St. Paul's College sooner than he expected."

The arrangements were satisfactorily made, and Miss Morris began her daily study of the language. On Sunday, she taught a Bible class of young men in English. They could not understand very much, but, at least, they were a great comfort to the teacher. It is never pleasant to feel absolutely useless, and when a woman cannot talk, what can she do?

Also several afternoons a week, she went calling with Miss Lawrence or Miss Tanaka, to be initiated into Japanese manners and etiquette, and became acquainted with all the Christians and some non-Christians. To be sure, all she could say was the formal greeting and leave-taking. These she had learned by rote and was panic-stricken for fear she should forget, until she found that the low bows made it possible to mumble the end of a forgotten phrase into the safe recesses of the matting. By these calls, she gained a needed break in the long hours of study, had an opportunity to learn the language in a natural way, and learned to know the people.

One Sunday after Church, Kawamura Tarō San said to Miss Morris: "I would like to ask you something. May I come over to the house to see you?"

"Certainly; please come right over," she answered, much pleased. Perhaps he needed some advice, and she could begin to be of some use.

When they were comfortably seated in the house, a desultory conversation, in English, was carried on, and then Kawamura San said, "I want to ask you something."

"Yes, I shall be glad to do anything I can." Inwardly she groaned, "Oh, I hope I will say the right thing and not make a mistake!"

"Will you please tell me the meaning of 'peach' when you say, 'She is a peach'?"

One very pleasant home to visit was on the other side of the city. Here two young widows had come back to live, with their father and mother, after their husbands' deaths in the Russian war. The husband of one, Mrs. Hosono, had been a faithful Christian, but his wife had never accepted the Faith. However, she and her father and mother always gave the Christian Teachers a warm welcome. There was no opportunity for direct Christian teaching, but a pleasant friendly intercourse was kept up.

During a call one day, a box of chocolates was produced, which the brother from Seattle, Washington, had sent, and the question was asked, "Do you know how to eat these cakes?"

Well — ! Of course it had been some time since chocolates had been in Miss Morris's immediate horizon, but probably she had not forgotten, so —

"There is no special way; you just take it up, and — and eat it," illustrating by action.

"Oh," they laughed, "we have been dissolving them in tea."

Mrs. Hosono came to Church when she could, but it was a long and weary walk, over bad roads, and she carried a heavy baby on her back. At last, four years afterward, she was received as a Catechumen, was given regular instruction, and baptized. Sometimes one waits long to reap the harvest in Japan.

One day, Miss Morris, about six months after her arrival, taking her courage in one hand and two dictionaries in the other, wrapped, however, in the artistic handkerchief called a *furoshiki*, sallied forth to make her first call alone. The preliminary greetings were by then an easy matter. Her hostess was a charming, cultured lady, wife of a teacher of English in the government school, so she tactfully smoothed over the hard places, and made her guest feel at ease by showing all the beautiful silk and embroidered kimonos — the heirlooms of her family.

When, in the course of conversation, Miss Morris was at a loss for a word, or failed to under-

stand what her hostess said, "Pardon me, it is very rude, but I do not know this word; if you will excuse me, I will look it up in the dictionary," she said.

Presently she asked, "What is that bird hanging in the cage?"

"*Hibari.*"

"Pardon me, it is very rude, but I do not know that. Will you excuse me while I find it in the dictionary."

While turning the leaves frantically, the husband's voice came from the next room in perfectly good English, "It is a lark."

This was the beginning of a very precious friendship. As is often the case, there was no opportunity for direct Christian teaching, as the husband was bitterly opposed, and would not allow it. So one day, towards the end of a visit, Miss Morris was much surprised to hear the little lady say shyly, "I am trying to study the Bible alone."

"Is that so? I fear you find it difficult. The Bible woman will be very glad to help you at any time that is convenient."

"Thank you." (Evidently it was not yet "convenient," to the husband at least, for the offer

was not accepted.) "The Bible woman is a big help to you, is she not?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! Why, she is eyes and ears and tongue and manners for us at first. It is all so new and strange that we make many mistakes, anyhow. You are very kind to overlook them as you do; but we do not wish to be rude, so the Bible women help us to learn your ways. Also, they usually know some English, and can help us as interpreters until we get a start. More than that, even after we can use the language for ordinary calls, we do not use it well, and it is a long, long time before we can teach in it; but the Bible women have generally been educated at St. Margaret's or at least in the Church Training School, so they can understand our poor words, and then teach their own people."

"Then do they never work alone?"

"Oh, yes, many of them do, and brave, zealous workers they are; it is very, very lonely for them in the country stations, where there is no resident missionary, where the priest can come only once a month, where there are very few Christians, and where they are cut off from the social gatherings at the shrines and temples. It takes a great deal

of courage and faith and experience. Of course, it would not be proper for the young girls just graduated to go out alone, so they are sent to work under the care and guidance of a foreign missionary, while the more experienced Bible women are sent into the country."

"Do they never marry?"

"Oh, yes, many of them do, after they have given several years of service to the work; and we are glad to have them establish Christian homes, as these are needed now as much as anything. Some faithful ones do give their lives to the work, and become pillars of strength, but we do not urge it. You know, it is even very hard for your people to understand why we Americans do not marry."

"Yes, it must be very, very lonely for you. I have been so lonely without any children, so we have brought my nephew and niece from the country to live here and go to school."

"Oh, how nice that is. Now you will not be lonely at all."

"Kiku!"

Immediately a little maiden appeared, and made her polite greeting.

"I am glad to see you. How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks."

"Then I suppose by now you have made a good many friends at school?"

"Yes, thank you."

"On Saturday afternoon we have a meeting of young people. If your aunt is willing, we should be glad to have you come. Perhaps you would not find it interesting, but we should be glad to have you."

"Thank you, I shall be glad to have her go."

"Then I shall ask one of the little girls, Kawamura Tomi Chan, to call for her."

"Thank you very much."

So on Saturday afternoon, O Ai San's sister, O Tomi Chan, stopped for O Kiku Chan, and took her to the meeting of the Japanese Junior Auxiliary. The side of the parish house was wide open to the garden and the light and the air. A crowd of children, all sizes and ages, dirty and clean, were squatting around on the matting, busily pasting pictures on sheets of heavy muslin, while a confused murmur often rose to a perfect babel: —

"My! that picture is crooked."

The Junior Auxiliary in the Garden

"Is that so?"

"A little more to the left."

"No, to the right."

"Oh, the paste is all gone; please may we have some more paste?"

"Please hand me the scissors."

"Oh, look at this dandy picture."

"These American pictures are so interesting."

"Oh, look at this house! It is one — two — three — twelve — twenty-four stories high."

"Oh, that's a fib; no house can be so high."

"*Sensei!*[1] *Sensei!* Are there houses twenty-four stories high in America?"

"Yes, and even higher than that."

"Oh, my! don't you get tired of climbing the stairs?"

"We go up in elevators."

"What is an elevator?"

"*Sensei,* would you put this picture of the little girl here?"

"*Sensei,* can all little girls and boys in America speak English?"

"*Sensei,* do all children in America dress like this?"

[1] Teacher.

"*Sensei,* is this a picture of the Jesus Child?"

"I think it would be nice to be sick in a hospital, if you had a pretty book like this to look at."

In the further corner sat a group of older girls, among whom O Kiku San felt at home at once. They were busily stitching the muslin leaves together to make a book.

"Children, it is time to stop now. Are the pictures all pasted? Safo Chan,[1] will you gather up the paste pots and brushes? Medori San[2] and O Chiyo San,[3] will you gather up the leaves? How many are not sewed? Well, I can do that to-morrow," said the rector's wife, whose loving zeal organized and fostered this club.

By this time the room was in order, and the children were sitting in orderly ranks. A hymn was given out, and right lustily did they sing — oh, no! not in time nor key, but with enjoyment just the same. Then came the Lord's Prayer and a short, simple prayer that the children could understand. Then —

"What country are we to study to-day, children?"

[1] The honorific "O" is not used before boys' names.
[2] Boy. [3] Girl.

"Philippines."

"Yes, Saburo San,[1] have you the map ready?"

"Yes, *Sensei.*"

Saburo San stood up, and showed a beautifully drawn map of the Philippines, pointing out its location in reference to Japan and showing the chief cities.

"Bunkichi San,[1] can you tell us something about these islands?"

With perfect self-possession Bunkichi San stood up and read a very creditable paper, telling about the climate, condition of the people, and a little of its history.

After this, O Tomi San[2] read a paper, which Bishop Brent had written for them, telling about the mission work there.

"Children, I wonder if we too could help somebody less fortunate and happy than ourselves? Do you know any children like that? Well, Ko Chan?[3]

"I know a family that is very poor just down the street. They are hungry most of the time."

"What holiday comes this week?"

"First Rice," came in a chorus.

[1] Boy. [2] Girl. [3] Boy.

"How is the harvest this year?"

"Plentiful."

"Then we should be thankful. Would it be nice to help these much-to-be-pitied children? What do you think?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I know another family."

"And I know one."

The names were taken, arrangements made for each to bring what rice or fish they could contribute, and on Thanksgiving morning[1] a bright-faced crowd gathered at the missionary's door, and they joyfully went about the task of distributing Thanksgiving dinners. After this, they visited the hospitals, and distributed the brightly colored picture albums they had made to the sad-eyed little shut-ins, who shyly received them with a wondering surprise and tiny ghostly smiles. "Why were people taking so much trouble?" they seemed to be thinking.

Returning, they met a procession of sixty little tots from the Kindergarten. Surely these little mites had not been —? They surely had — But

[1] Not the American Thanksgiving.

we must turn the clock back and peep in on them on the preceding day to understand.

From eight o'clock in the morning, Miss Lawrence and Miss Morris, from their house adjoining the Kindergarten, could hear the clatter of little *geta*, the high, sweet, childish voices, "*Ohayō, Sensei; Ohayō, Sensei*" (Good morning, Teacher; Good morning, Teacher), of the youngsters as they arrived in charge of mother, nurse, or older brother or sister.

At nine, they gathered for the morning circle — looking most demure and proper, as they sat on the little chairs, hands folded in their laps. For one to slide off his unaccustomed perch to his native seat — the floor — was a usual event, but one which never for a moment destroyed his equanimity. He calmly waited for the Teacher to come and set him up again, never blinking an eyelash. Their thickly wadded winter kimonos made them as broad as they were long, and seriously hampered their freedom of motion, but also provided ready-made quilts to fall on.

At the chord from the organ they all rose for the morning hymn, which was followed by a prayer, and then the Circle proceeded in the

usual way. The story this morning was an absorbingly interesting one:—

"A little seed fell deep down into the moist, damp earth and fell asleep; then one day, it felt so comfortable and warm, it stretched a wee bit, and enjoyed that so much, it stretched again; until at last it came out into the warm sunlight and fresh air; then it grew and grew, taller and taller, greener and greener; one day its head began to swell, so that it hurt very much indeed; it really grew very worried because its head kept getting bigger and bigger, and its beautiful green leaves grew yellow.

"But one day, the Farmer came along and said: 'This is a fine head of rice. The harvest is plentiful this year. We must gather it now.'

"And the next day, the little seed saw the Farmer coming with a great long scythe, and was, oh, so frightened; but it was cut down gently and fell among a heap of its friends. They were all taken together to the mill, and came out all shining white grains, ready to feed all the little boys and girls. To-morrow, we celebrate this plentiful harvest, and give thanks.

"How shall we celebrate it, children? Would

The Kindergarten Children at Play

you like to take some rice to some poor little orphans who have no father or mother to take care of them?"

"Yes, yes; that will be splendid!"

Then followed the games in which all demureness vanished, and the children frolicked: "Cat and Mice," "Hare and Tortoise," "The Worm and the Butterfly," singing the accompanying songs with great zest, while Miss Lawrence from her post at the organ could enjoy it with them and yet keep a watchful eye over all.

After this the session went on in regular order — class work, recess, lunch with a little grace; and then there was a rush for the big doors, a great scramble to sort out the *geta*, many of which had to be tied on, so that all the teachers had a busy quarter of an hour; and then came the sweet chorus of many little voices crying: "*Sayonara,*[1] *Sensei; Sensei, sayonara; Sayonara, Sensei.*"

When they came the next morning they all stood in a circle and sang the solemn chant of *Kimigayō*. After this, one by one, they brought their offerings of rice — sometimes only a cupful,

[1] Good-by.

sometimes a pound or more, but whatever the amount, each, with great pride, added it to the growing heap on the table.

The story was about a loving Heavenly Father, who watched over the little seed, helped it to grow, sent the sunshine and the rain, and so gave the great harvest; and Who also watched just as carefully over little girls and boys.

Then eagerly they watched the Teacher gather the rice up into a large gayly colored handkerchief; there was the usual scramble for the right *geta*, but at last the long line was formed and they marched happily off to the orphanage near by.

A few days after that, Miss Lawrence and the Kindergarten Teacher called at the Kawamura home. After the usual preliminaries of greetings and replenishing the *hibachi*, Mrs. Kawamura said: "I thank you so much for all your kindness to my naughty little boy. My neighbor would like to send her little boy. Is there room now?"

"I am so sorry. The Kindergarten is full now, but I shall be glad to put his name on the waiting list."

"I shall tell her. She says her boy is so mis-

chievous she can do nothing with him, and so she wants to send him to a Kindergarten. One of the other neighbors said she did hope he could go, because the children that go to Kindergarten become so quiet and obedient. My boy loves Kindergarten so much. He is always singing the songs he learns there. He likes best 'Jesus loves me, this I know.' He always tells me the stories he hears there, and loves the Bible stories especially." A short pause, and then, in an altered voice: "It goes in the children's ears more easily. I suppose I am too old to believe."

In three short months our Heavenly Father took that mother's little infant son back Home to be with Him. The poor mother's heart ached just as any mother's would, ached all the more because custom forbade her to shed a tear, but exacted that she meet all friends with a smiling face.

Miss Lawrence and Miss Morris sent a gift, with a message, not knowing how welcome they would be, and a message came back, "Would the Kindergarten Teacher please come, if she had time?"

"If she had time!" Gladly she went, and the heart-sick mother said:—

"I know that at times like this you have a Hope that comforts you. Please talk to me."

It is moments like these that keep alive the fire in the heart of him who works for Christ among those who do not know His Love.

CHAPTER V

ST. MARGARET'S GREETING TO ADMIRAL SPERRY

And now let us back to Tokyo and to St. Margaret's, where we left O Ai San at school. The long summer holidays of nineteen hundred and eight were over. From North, South, East, and West, girls came pouring in from all over the Empire, Formosa, and Korea — all talking at once, eager to tell in half an hour the happenings of the summer. But their own affairs were soon swallowed up in an all-absorbing topic: —

"Have you heard? The great warships of America are coming!"

"Yes, my! they say they are bigger than anything we can imagine."

"It is the first time such a large fleet has made such a long journey."

"Oh, I do so want to see them."

"Where are they now?"

"The Philippines."

"When will they get here?"

"Isn't it queer — this admiral's name is so like the first admiral's — Sperry — Perry?"

"It was so long ago that Admiral Perry came."

"Only fifty years."

"But just think! So many changes since then. Then there were no schools, no railways, no telephones, no telegraphs, no steamboats, no street cars! My, how funny it seems!"

"Yes, Mother was talking about it before I left home. She said she thought all this learning was foolishness for girls. She was only taught ceremonial tea, etiquette, flower arrangement, and to read and write a little, and she thinks that's enough."

"Well, my father says that Admiral Perry did Japan a great favor by showing us modern ways."

"Oh, girls, did you know that we are to be taught the American national song in English to sing as a welcome to Admiral Sperry?"

"Oh! oh! isn't that splendid!"

"My! my! I'm so glad!"

"Oh, when shall we begin?"

"Yes, you see we are a Christian school, supported by friends in America, and" — "Ding-dong-ding-dong" — the Cathedral bell called to

prayer. The girls clattered over the courtyard, the great doors swung shut, and the courtyard lay bare and silent under the warm September sun, while the chanting of blithe young voices stole softly across the Cathedral. And now, while the young Japanese voices are raised in Christian praise, let us, dear little reader, go back through the centuries. Let us raise the misty curtain of the ages and see Japan as it used to be before, long before, Admiral Perry came.

The stage is set for a long-past tragedy. The cross-crowned Cathedral, St. Margaret's School, St. Luke's Hospital, St. Paul's College, the foreign houses — none of these are there. The solid playground is a marshy morass. In the stillness, a murmur like the soft lap of the sea is heard, growing in volume until it is as the roar of the storm-tossed surf — nearer, yet nearer. What — what do they cry? "Kill the Christians! Down with the Christians!"

A crowd of Japanese surge into view, but their clothes have an Old World look, their hair is done in queer topknots, and all are brandishing swords! Every eye is fixed on a big bulletin board on which is painted in black letters:—

"ORDER

"The Christian religion is forbidden; the order must be strictly kept."

"The corrupt religion is strictly forbidden."

"Done in the first month of the 18th of Keicho" (1614).

"So long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if he dare to violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Were there Christians in Japan in 1614? Yes — many of them, and they were made of the stuff of the martyrs. The crowd surges to the door of a house, and as it is thrown open the master appears in the doorway, while an official throws a cross on the ground, saying, "Trample on that and you are safe." The man looks down — only two pieces of crossed wood — so simple and yet so mighty! Then he raises his head, and in his eyes is seen the light that is never seen on sea or land, the light that has been shining for the healing of the nations through all the centuries; and across the stillness, clear and strong, come the words, "I will not!"

"Then you must die, by order of the Emperor."

The curtain rises for another glimpse into the misty past, and strains of music and triumphant voices ring forth:—

> "A noble army! men and boys,
> The matron and the maid;
> Around the Saviour's throne rejoice
> In robes of white arrayed" —

tens, hundreds, thousands of white-robed singers pass by with the peace that passeth understanding shining in their faces. These are the noble band of martyrs who in the face of that cruel edict, so long ago, refused to give up their faith, refused to trample on the Cross of Christ, but, with a matchless courage and faith, faced death in the most horrible forms — death by crucifixion, burning, hanging, and starvation. A triumphant band they are. They, too, pass out into the dim unknown. There *were* Christians in Japan in 1614 — 300,000 Christians! Where are they now?

> "They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
> Through peril, toil, and pain:
> O God, to us may grace be given
> To follow in their train."

The curtain drops once more and there is silence — two centuries of silence. During those two hundred years no foreign foot may touch the sacred soil of Japan; no son of the gods may leave Japan; locked away from the world they sleep — the sleep of peace in the Land-of-Great-Peace? Not peace, but stagnation, because the Shogun,[1] in order to hold the power he has usurped, allows no chance of growth, and no man may call his soul his own.

As the curtain rises once more, a bright signal light blazes on Uraga — Danger! The people crowd to the shore! The first steamers ever seen in Japanese waters are sailing up the bay! The two hundred years are over. Perry has sailed into the Sea of Sagami and into Japanese history, July 7, 1853.

"Flash! B-o-o-m — b-o-o-m!" The people scatter in alarm. Have these foreign barbarians chained the thunder and the lightning?

"The fire-vessels of the western barbarians are coming to defile the Holy Country," say priest and soldier to each other.

[1] Military dictator, "Tycoon," who had usurped the rightful authority of the Emperor.

With haste, the people rush to the neglected temples. Dong-dong-dong — the long unused temple bells ring out, candles are lit; with fervid zeal brasses and images are polished, pictures cleansed, and offerings are made.

"The gods are angry because of their long neglect. They must be appeased," they say.

"Send a great wind to destroy the foreign barbarians," they pray; but the "black ships" stand immovable, outlined against the bright blue sky.

"Surely the barbarians would not molest the 'Land-of-Great-Peace'! When the Great Commander gazes on peerless Mt. Fuji, shining serenely among the clouds, his heart must be softened and he and his black ships will sail away," they say.

The Vice Governor, in full uniform, is rowed out to the boat. "The barbarians will not receive you," he is told.

"*Naruhodo!* (Well, I never!)"

"The barbarians wish to confer with the Governor himself."

"Preposterous! Absurd!"

"No, the Commodore will not go to Nagasaki.

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He has a letter from the President of the United States to deliver to the Emperor."

So the Governor, the grand dignitary of Uraga, in all the glory of embroidery, gilt brocade, swords and lacquered helmet with padded chin straps, ascends the gangway. Alas! that the barbarians should be so little impressed by this walking museum of decorative art! Not one falls on his hands and knees! Not one Jack Tar swabs the deck with his forehead! Some secretly snicker at the bare brown legs partly exposed between the petticoat and the blue socks. This grand official is accustomed to ride in splendid uniform on a steed emblazoned with crests, trappings, and tassels, moving between rows of kneeling subjects. But in spite of silk trousers and official dignity, he is not allowed intercourse with the "Lord of the Forbidden Interior." Perry is playing Mikado. The message comes out: —

"The Admiral will not go to Nagasaki. He will survey the waters of the bay. He will wait three days only for an answer."

"*Naruhodo!*"

The third day dawns. "The Americans will transact no business on this day."

"Why?"

"It is the Christian Rest day."

"*Naruhodo!*"

So the *Mississippi's* capstan is wreathed in a flag, the Bible laid thereon, prayer-books handed round; a man in a gown lowers his head; then all sing, the band lending its instrumental aid to swell the volume of sound, and the glorious strains of "Old Hundred" come swelling over the water —

> "Before Jehovah's awful throne,
> Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;"

truly a fitting salutation from a Christian nation.

Meanwhile the barbarians are struggling with interpreters who have had very many adventures in trying to learn the foreign tongue. One Japanese knight learned to speak English from eight American sailors wrecked on a whale ship who had been rescued and imprisoned for a year and a half on the island far to the north — all unknown to the authorities in Yedo (Tokyo). Some Japanese had been carried far out to sea in storms and, rescued by American vessels, learned to speak English. Other Japanese nobles, anxious for the prosperity of their country and

desirous to throw off the iron hand of the Shogun, escaped as stowaways, and in Europe learned foreign ways and languages. Therefore, in Dutch, English, and Japanese the negotiations proceed. Finally two *daimiōs*, or lords, are appointed to receive President Filmore's letter.

Two gigantic tars carry the American flag, and two boys a mysterious red box. Of majestic mien and portly form, tall, proud, and stately, but not hairy-faced, "big as a wrestler, dignified as a court noble," the august Commodore, already victor, advances. On either side, as his guard, stalks a colossal negro armed to the teeth, one of the greatest curiosities of the pageant.

The procession enters a pavilion with due pomp. The Japanese officials are all dressed in the ceremonial winged dress of gold brocade. The two *daimiōs* sit on camp stools. The two boys advance and deliver their charge to the blacks. These, opening in succession the scarlet cloth envelope and the gold hinged rosewood box, display the letter written on vellum bound in blue velvet, with gold tasselled seal suspended from silk thread. In perfect silence, they lay the documents on the lacquered box brought

ADMIRAL PERRY PRESENTING PRESIDENT FILLMORE'S LETTER

from Yedo. The interpreter hands the receipt to the Commodore, who sits during the ceremony.

The Commodore gives notice that he will return the next spring. With all due pomp, the Americans return to their ship. They remain in the bay eight days. No sailors are drunk. Not a single Japanese is kicked, beaten, insulted, or robbed. No houses are burned.

"These hairy Americans are so kind and polite; probably the foreigners are not devils, but men after all," they say.

Wonderful tribute to Admiral Perry's discipline — the first American fleet governed without the lash!

On the other hand, more than one American makes up his mind that the Japanese are not so treacherous, murderous, or inhospitable as they had heard.

The question of acceding to the demand of the barbarians is hotly debated. The *daimiōs* nearly lose their hearts in consultation that lasts day and night. Some want to fight; some believe if Japan is behind the world in mechanical arts, they should learn from foreigners.

At last, a notification is issued that "owing to want of military efficiency, the Americans will on their return be dealt with peaceably."

And so, on March 8, 1854, an American fleet, for the second time, moves up the bay.

> "With all their spars uplifted,
> Like crosses of some peaceful crusade."

To the west of the peerless Mt. Fuji "the moon is setting, sharply defining one side with its chill, cold rays"; in the East the sun, arising in cloudless radiance, burnishes with brilliant glory the lordly cone. Old Japan is passing away. New Japan is already rising.

The bay is alive with gorgeous state barges, swift punts and junks with tasselled prows. On land, in the foreground, are a few hundred retainers in gay costumes, while on the bluffs beyond stand dense masses of spectators. The sunbeams glitter on the bare heads and black topknots of country folk. To Jack Tar it looks as if a pack of euchre cards had come to life.

Five hundred men land, the marines forming a hollow square, the band playing, and the guns belching flames and thunder; with all possible fuss, parade, and glitter the Admiral disem-

barks at noon, and with stately march enters the treaty house at Yokohama, March 8, 1854.

While the negotiations are progressing, American palates are tickled with Japanese delicacies — sponge cake, rice beer, candied walnuts, tea, pickled plums, sugared fruits, seaweed jelly, crabs and prawns, persimmons, eggs, fish-soups, fresh fish; and the Japanese are regaled with masterpieces of American cookery.

The Japanese are delighted with presents which reveal the secrets of the foreigners' power — rifles and gunpowder, electric telegraph, steam locomotive and train, life-boats, stoves, clocks, sewing-machines, agricultural machinery, scales, maps and charts, and — one hundred barrels of whiskey. With the Sons of God came also the Sons of Satan.

Finally, the treaty is signed. The "Lord of the Forbidden Interior" has opened Japan to the world without firing a shot; the ambassador of the President has opened the way for the Ambassadors of Christ; the Cross must follow the flag; the worshippers of the Sun-God must see the beauty of the God-Son.

Therefore it is not long before the first missionaries since the persecutions of the sixteenth century

land on the shores of the Land-of-Great-Peace. Bravely they face the loneliness; zealously they struggle with the difficult language without grammars or dictionaries; earnestly they do what they can; fervently they pray; patiently they wait.

Had the persecution of two centuries stamped out Christianity? "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Four thousand Japanese, without books, without instruction, without sacraments, had for two hundred and fifty years received the belief of their Christian forefathers, handed down from father to son!

Again the curtain rises. The tramp of marching feet, the war cries of gathering clans, the clang of swords, the roar of burning castles! — The Emperor and the Shogun are in a death grip for supremacy. — When the smoke has cleared away, the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, rightful ruler, at last actually as well as in name the supreme ruler of his people, is seated on his throne in his new capital in Tokyo, and the new era of Meiji — "Enlightenment" — 1868, has been inaugurated.[1]

[1] The new Emperor, Yoshihito, has named his reign "Taisei," — "The Era of Great Righteousness."

And now our little story is done, and we return to O Ai San and her schoolmates. Service is over, and our little friends come clattering out of the Cathedral, laughing and chattering.

"We are going to practise the national anthem now. Let's hurry," cried one little maiden.

"Isn't it queer to think that it was only fifty years ago that foreigners were first allowed to come to Japan?"

"Well, I'm glad Admiral Perry came, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes, and I am so anxious to see Admiral Sperry?"

The next few weeks were busy ones for our little friends. It was difficult to twist their tongues around the English words, but they practised faithfully, scarcely taking time for play.

At last, early in October, the long line of battle ships steamed into the bay where fifty years before the foreign barbarians had sailed into Japanese history.

The schools all gave a holiday to welcome America's great admiral, and at St. Margaret's excitement was intense.

"Where are my stockings? I put them out

here to dry." "Does my kimono show below my *hakama?*" "Are you going to wear your high or low clogs?" "Does the *boro* in my hair look right?" "Did you see my parasol?" "I believe I have forgotten the words of the song." "Don't forget the chrysanthemums."

"Girls, it is time to start now, at once," called the Teacher.

There was a scramble down the stairs, and then they formed in line in the courtyard, and marched two by two down the streets which were buried in Stars and Stripes and Rising Suns.

Between the ranks of soldiers at attention, orderly rows of students, members of the Red Cross Society, Ladies' Patriotic Society, and hundreds of citizens, assembled to do him and his country honor, Admiral Sperry and his escort entered the capital of the Mikado. Everything that gratitude and hospitality could design had been planned to welcome him.

Suddenly, as his *jinrikisha* rolled along, he was astonished to hear —

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,"

ring out clear and sweet. Then he saw St. Margaret's students standing in close ranks, singing his country's hymn — a gracious compliment to the nation's guest.

As they finished, they all bowed low, while Kawamura Ai San and Tamiguchi Shige San stepped forward and presented the white chrysanthemums with St. Margaret's greeting: —

"TO ADMIRAL SPERRY, COMMANDER OF THE AMERICAN FLEET

"Honorable and Dear Sir:

"As the representative of the pupils of St. Margaret's School, I take the liberty of addressing you a few words of welcome.

"We welcome you because you are the representative of the great nation with which ours has been long connected through friendliness and sacred tradition.

"We welcome you because you come representing so grandly the nation to which the education of Japanese women in general owes so much of inspiration and encouragement.

"Especially, we welcome you because we belong to a school so closely connected with the educational and religious influences of America.

"Allow us to tender to you our profound admiration and respect for the wonderful naval achievements of the fleet under your command, and to congratulate you upon your safe arrival to our shores.

"We only regret that we cannot fully express our deepest feelings of gratitude, joy, welcome, and good wishes with which we are overwhelmed. May your stay and that of those under your command in this country be pleasant!

"In token of all these feelings of ours, we beg you to do us the honor of kindly accepting some chrysanthemums as our present."

CHAPTER VI

O AI SAN'S LIFE WORK

MARCH is the same damp, dreary, wind-blown month the world over, and it is on a dismal, rainy March day that we see once more our friends from St. Margaret's. All the dreariness was outside, however; inside everything was bustle and cheer and the hubbub of pleasant anticipation — the Seniors were dressing for their graduation. There were no fluffs of lace and embroidery; no dainty white slippers, or shimmery ribbons; no black gowns or capes. But each little maiden was as eagerly intent as her American sisters in getting every detail of her costume just right. The long, thick locks were brushed till not a vestige of the slightest suspicion of a kink or twist or curl could be seen; then it was rolled over rats into a pompadour and coiled into a knot at the crown of the head; snowy white mitten socks were slipped on; and the white silk *eri*

(collar) was carefully adjusted, reaching to the nape of the neck in the back, but crossed low in the front, to show the graceful column of the throat.

But at last these and all the other details of costume were ready, and, joining the day scholars in the class rooms, they formed in line and marched two by two into the Assembly Hall, which was already filled with guests. Songs were sung, duets and quartettes played, essays read, speeches made in the time-honored way of all Commencements; then one by one each "little maid of Japan" mounted the platform and walked slowly and with dignity (*not* in the silly little trot which American theatre-managers have affected for the Japanese gait) to within three paces of the principal; bowed with hands on knees, took three steps forward, received the diploma with both hands, raised it to her forehead, took three steps backward, bowed again, and retired sedately from the platform.

The guests were then invited into the school dining room, where they partook of tea and cake, congratulated the graduates, and the happy day ended in a pleasant social hour.

When the guests had departed, the girls gathered for their evening meal around the long, narrow wooden tables, guiltless of table-cloths. Before each person a lacquer tray was placed. While they plied the chopsticks, rice and fish, bamboo sprouts and pickles disappeared, and tongues ran merrily.

"Oh, dear! I'm so homesick. I wish I lived near enough so that I could go home over this vacation."

"I wonder if many Freshmen will enter."

"I heard there were a good many coming. Now that we have such a fine new building, and another one promised, every one is anxious to come."

"The new building surely is splendid, isn't it?"

"Did you hear that Medori San's family won't let her be baptized?"

"My, isn't that too bad!"

"Yes, they are afraid that will make it hard to get a husband for her."

"Well, I think that is foolishness."

"Yes, and O Take San's grandmother has asked her please to wait until she is dead."

"Then there is no one to be baptized?"

"Yes, Taniguchi Shige San; the others have

been studying with her. O Fumi San's family would not even allow her to study."

"Oh, they say the new buildings are fine."

"What new buildings are you talking about?"

"The Training School at Sendai."

"How many of you will go?"

"Seven, and we are crazy about it."

"O Ai San, you will go, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, ever since I was a little girl I have wanted to be a Bible woman."

"Well, I wouldn't want to do that. It must be stupid. I am going to teach in my native city."

And so they chattered, eager and excited about their plans for the future.

A busy evening followed; basket telescopes were jammed to the breaking point, and yet in the morning, by some mysterious process, the heavy quilts were crowded in; the last telescope was roped and piled on the *kuruwa;* there was the last little hush that precedes the breaking of loved ties; many bows and "thanks for your kindness" to the assembled teachers; many promises to write, injunctions to "take care of yourself," and the graduates, with a last back-

The Teachers' Home at the Training School, Sendai

ward look, eager to face the future, rolled out of the gateway and out of the life of St. Margaret's.

Twelve long hours in the train, and seven of the graduates rolled into the new life at Sendai. Their schoolmates, who had been in Sendai a year, met them at the station, and presently the long line of *jinrikishas* went jogging down the broad main street, and wheeled sharply to turn in under the picturesque roofed gateway of the Church Training School.

"Oh! isn't it magnificent?"

"My! we shan't mind being in the country[1] now."

The *jinrikishas* rolled up the driveway, past the Teachers' house, built in foreign style, to the door of the school, built in Japanese style. The human horses dropped the shafts, the girls and telescopes were bundled out, to be greeted by the foreign teachers with a welcoming smile. "Girls, I am so glad to see you. Welcome home! Are you tired?"

"Oh, *Sensei.* It is the first time we have hung ourselves on your honorable eyes. Please be good to us. We shall be a great nuisance."

[1] Tokyo is "city"; everything north of that is "country."

"Let me introduce the other students. You see some of us don't have a chance to go to St. Margaret's, but have to come right here from our homes."

Formal greetings over, the girls excitedly flew hither and thither, eagerly examining every nook and cranny.

"What is that building opposite?"

"That is the Kindergarten."

"Why, it has two stories."

"Yes, those are to be dormitories, when the Kindergarten Training School is opened."

"Where are our class rooms?"

"Here is one."

"Oh, isn't it lovely! So many windows."

"The other one is over there, across the court. This is your reception room."

"Oh, isn't the *tokonoma* beautiful! It's so nice to have this room in Japanese style."

"Yes, we thought you would like to have one room downstairs with the matting. The Chapel opens out of it, you see, and it has the matting, too."

The new life began at seven the following morning, when all gathered in the little Chapel for the service of the Lord's Supper. In the hush

that followed all felt that a bond had been formed which would only grow stronger as the years advanced; and as the students made their morning greetings, the light that O Ai San had so longed for shone in all their eyes.

After breakfast there was a great bustle all over the school, while the students swept and dusted, washed dishes, wiped up the floors, and cleaned the blackboards; and when the Monitor rang the bell at half-past eight, they all assembled in the class rooms for three hours of lectures; after which they gathered around the Teacher, all talking at once: —

"What do we do in the afternoons?" "The Old Testament is difficult." "Yes, the Teacher's words were hard to understand."

"It is all so hard for me," said Ieyama San, who had been baptized only the year before, and had not been to St. Margaret's.

"I fear it will be very difficult for you at first, Ieyama San," said the Teacher, "and you, too, Ishikawa San. The other girls have studied the Bible so well at St. Margaret's, it is easier for them. I do not want you to be discouraged. Come to me whenever you want to know any-

thing and I will try to help you. You cannot understand it all at once."

"*Sensei,* what do we do besides having these lectures in the morning?"

"Ding-dong. Ding-dong."

"Honorable All, that is the bell for noon prayers for missions. After lunch I shall tell you your work for the afternoon."

When they had all gathered in the Teacher's study after lunch, she said: "Of course, Honorable All, you understand that to become Christian teachers you must know the Bible and Christian Doctrine well, so you study that in the morning. However, it is just as important for you to know how to meet people and to use what you know. So, one afternoon each week, you will go calling on the Christians, non-Christians, or Sunday School scholars — anywhere we think there is a chance to sow a little seed. The other afternoons will be given to organ lessons and organ practice."

"Organ lessons! *Sensei,* are we all to learn to play the organ?"

"Oh, goody, goody!" "That will be splendid." "Won't we be scholars!"

"I thought that would please you," laughed the Teacher. "Here are the schedules for your practice hours. We will begin the lessons now."

In a twinkling four little organs were wheezing and groaning — all in different tunes, time, and tone. The faithful practice began to bear fruit, and those who had studied at St. Margaret's were soon able to play for the Church services.

When Saturday morning came, all the students brought their sewing boxes into the sunny class room, and tongues wagged merrily, while skilful fingers fashioned dainty pieces of Altar linen.

"*Sensei,* I do not know how to put the sleeve in the surplice."

"Does this hemming look right?"

"Ogawa San, you had better wash that piece of linen before the next class. Kawamura San, here is a design for you to trace. Let me show you the stitch, Suzuki San. Draw the thread this way first, Ieyama San. It is generally twenty-two inches square, Nakamura San, but you will have to measure the Altar top and see how it will fit. It is too late to show you about the sleeve to-day, Ito San. Honorable All, it is half-

past eleven, so put away your work now, and we shall have choir practice."

"*Sensei*, Mr. Yamada wants to see you a minute."

"Be ready for the choir practice when I get back.— Will you come in, Mr. Yamada?"

"Thank you, no; I wanted to ask if we could have this hymn sung to-morrow evening?"

"Certainly."

"Good morning."

"Good morning." "Honorable All, who is to play the organ to-morrow evening? Kawamura San? Mr. Yamada wants us to sing hymn 423. Can you play it, Kawamura San?"

"*Dekimasen*." [1]

"In America, we say there is no such word in the dictionary as 'can't'; instead, we must say, 'I shall try.'"

"Very well, *Sensei*, 'I shall try (*shimasu* [2])'" said O Ai San.

So, O Ai San practised zealously all day Saturday, and on Sunday evening played the hymn very creditably.

As they were all walking home from Church

[1] Cannot. [2] Do.

together, *Sensei* said, "Kawamura San, you played the hymn very well. I am proud of you for trying."

"Oh, no, *Sensei*, I played it very badly; and I was so cross. I asked Kawazaki San to cough whenever I made a mistake, and she didn't cough at all."

All enjoyed this Sunday evening walk home from Church when the week's duties were over and the blissful holiday feeling pervaded the atmosphere. Afterward, the dearly loved House-mother would play some of the fine old music, and like little mice the patter of feet sounded in the corridor, as the girls stole softly in from the school to listen raptly.

"She always reminds me of the Virgin Mary," whispered O Ai San, quite reverently.

"*Sensei*, may we sing some English hymns? It is so much easier to sing in English than in Japanese," begged Suzuki San.

"Certainly; which one will you have first?"

And so they gathered around the piano, the clear young voices rising in many of the dear old hymns.

"That will do for to-night, I think. Good night."

"*O yasumi nasai,*[1] *Sensei — O yasumi nasai,*" they said, as they flocked back to their rooms.

They were very soon settled into the routine of study and play, calling and practising, and the days flew by.

One day when the students gathered in the Teacher's study to report on the calls made, O Ai San said: "*Sensei,* would you mind if we went calling on Sunday afternoon after Sunday School? You know, *Sensei,* Sunday is a holiday and the children are home then, and it suits the mothers to have us."

"But, Honorable All, will you not make Sunday too hard a day for you?"

"Oh, no, *Sensei,* we love to go."

"I have no objections, but please remember it is not required of you, and if any of you feel too tired, I want you to stay at home and rest."

The next Sunday, late in the afternoon, O Ai San came eagerly into the Teachers' study, saying, as she settled herself comfortably on the floor by The Teacher's chair:—

"Oh, I have had such a fine time. I went to see Ko Chan and Medori Chan's mother — they

[1] "Good night," or "May you rest well."

are brother and sister, you know — and she says she went to Sunday School when she was a little girl, but after her marriage she lived where there was no Christian teaching, and so she is not a Christian, but she wants her children to go, and is so glad I came to call, and asked me to come again next Sunday."

She was obliged to stop for breath, for it had all come out in a headlong rush.

"I am so very glad; that is a big encouragement for you. How happy it would make you if you could lead her to the Father."

On another day it was a very different story. Ogawa San stole dejectedly into the room.

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, *Sensei*, when I make my calls, I'm never invited in, but all the other girls are."

Evidently the green-eyed monster is not confined to America, so comfort and counsel were given.

She was followed by Ieyama San:—

"What shall I do, *Sensei?* You know Mrs. Miyaki was so glad to have me come and asked so much about the Doctrine and I was beginning to give her some Bible lessons, and now the

mother-in-law has come on a visit and she is much opposed, and I think I am not welcome."

"I think you had better stay away awhile, until the grandmother goes."

"It is so discouraging."

"No; perhaps the little seed in Mrs. Miyaki's heart will sprout all the better for this period of waiting."

One evening as the students were waiting for the bell to ring for study hour, they were eagerly discussing a most important matter.

"Do you think *Sensei* will take us on a picnic this spring?"

"I am sure she knows we always had them at St. Margaret's."

"It is almost cherry-blossom time. I do hope she will take us to see the blossoms."

"O Ai San! There she is at the door; run and ask her."

"What is it, Kawamura San? I think I see a request in your eyes," the Teacher inquired.

"Oh, *Sensei*, it is very rude of us to ask it, but please will you take us to see the cherry-blossoms?"

"Yes, we have just been discussing it. Zenjiro

The Coming Army of God in Sendai

San, they will be at their best to-morrow. So if it is clear we will go in the afternoon."

Fortunately the next day dawned clear and bright, and after lunch all started off for the long, dusty walk to the Park. Along the way the streets were thronged with people all going to "View the Blossoms," for this was a great picnic time for all. As they entered the Park, they passed under an arching canopy of the beautiful blossoms, and were soon comfortably squatting on the floor of a little tea booth. Here they played games, and looked out into the foamy sea of pink-tinted blossoms, under which they could see the crowds of people moving from booth to booth, watching the wrestlers, applauding the dancing girls, or joining in the sports. At last our friends, tired but happy, trudged homeward.

"Thank you so much, *Sensei.*"

"It was so very interesting. Thank you so much."

"The blossoms were beautiful this year. Thank you so much."

About this time O Ai San seemed to lag about her tasks, and to be very unlike her usual bright, merry self. The Teacher sent her to bed for a

few days to rest, but she soon grew alarmingly ill, and the doctor was called in and pronounced it "Kakke,"[1] and ordered her to be sent to the hospital. She soon began to get better, and after a while was able to be sent home for a good rest; but as the Teacher saw her comfortably fixed in the train O Ai San said:—

"Oh, I am so ashamed to be sick and to be such a trouble to you."

The next week the students were very busy preparing for another celebration. All the Sunday Schools of the city were to meet for a grand jubilee in the campus of the North Japan College.[2] The day dawned bright and clear. From all directions came marching lines of children, carrying banners, and they entered the college grounds seventeen hundred strong — The Coming Army of God. In the centre of the vast circle were three students of the college and the small organ, and with these to lead, the young voices rose in the grand old hymn. After a talk came various sports and races for all ages, and for both boys and girls, till they could race no more, but dragged their tired little feet wearily homeward.

[1] A disease common to rice-eating countries.

[2] Reformed Church Mission.

The days passed rapidly, in the regular round of work and play, eventually bringing the dreaded examination time; but finally the last examination was over, and they were free to scatter to their various posts, where, during the summer, they were to get a taste of real mission work.

In the fall they came back, talking all at once, as they gathered around the Teacher: —

"Oh, I was so busy all the time — visiting, playing the organ, and teaching Sunday School. I never was a bit homesick."

"It was the happiest summer of my life."

"People were so kind to me. I made so many good friends."

"*Sensei,* I had to play the organ all summer;" this from Ieyama San who had had only a few months' instruction.

"But, dear child, how could you?"

"There was no one else to do it, so I just played with one finger."

"Ogawa San, what is the matter?" This to a forlorn maiden who had not yet spoken a word.

"Oh, *Sensei,* the priest was away in America and there was nothing to do," she answered in a most disconsolate voice.

"*Sensei*, I had to face my first three lonelinesses — the loneliness of facing a great danger alone, the flood; the loneliness of keeping house alone; the loneliness of doing missionary work alone — but I just prayed to God, and He took care of me," said Suzuki San.

"Honorable All, it makes me very happy that your summer has meant so much to you, and I am more pleased than I can say that you have all done so well," said the teacher. "Now we will know better what we need to study."

"Oh, Teacher, I am so disappointed, I could not do any work this summer," sighed O Ai San.

"Dear child, very often when we seem to be only resting we are really doing the work that is intended for us. So cheer up, and study hard."

So they all turned zealously to work again, with many plans to keep them serious and much fun and frolic to keep them sweet.

When the school routine was once more in full swing, the students were summoned to a conference with the priest-in-charge and the Mission Woman, to determine on the programme for the Sunday School Christmas frolic. After much discussion it was decided upon, and from that time,

after school hours, the Training School swarmed with children practising their "pieces." While this was going on, the Woman's Auxiliary was busily engaged in making the gifts for the Christmas tree.

The great day arrived at last, and the students of the Training School collected their scholars from the three Sunday Schools of the *Sei Kwo Kwai* in the city and marshalled them to the Sunday School at the Church. Here the long lines formed, and, headed by a little cross bearer, marched two by two into the Church, lustily singing with real enjoyment, but little care about time or tune: —

"Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before."

The service in the Church was just like any in America, with carol and chant and the story of the first Christmas, though all was in Japanese. At the close, the procession re-formed and marched, singing, "Once in Royal David's City," into the parish house. Here many "*Kirei desune!*" [1] and

[1] Isn't it pretty!

"*Rippana!*" [1] greeted the shining Christmas tree and the festoons of cedar, while the children packed themselves on the matting as tight as sardines in a box.

Then came the all-important part of the programme — the presentation of the gifts, cakes, and oranges; and the celebration was over. All the little heads were bowed to the floor as they murmured their grateful, "*Arigato,*" "*Arigato,*" after which there was a wild rush for the *geta,* and soon all were clattering home.

The teachers had barely finished tidying up when the older Christians began to arrive for their Christmas festivities. The four sides of the room were soon lined with beaming faces. The "Christmas Dinner" was brought in from a near-by restaurant; no, not turkey and cranberries and plum pudding, but bowls of steaming hot macaroni and little balls of rice wrapped in seaweed. Tea was consumed by the thimblefuls, and presently not a vestige of the feast remained. All settled themselves for the short service of prayer and praise which is a part of all gatherings of Christians. Next came the frolic, and this time

[1] Magnificent.

O At Chan's Classmates, Church Training School, Sendai, 1912

the students of the school were not only stage-managers, but actresses as well; and dialogues, pantomimes, tableaux, and drama were greeted by laughter and applause.

"It was very interesting." "The programme was so clever." "Please come to see us at New Year." "Thank you, thank you." "Good night. Good night. Good night. Good night."

The holidays flew by, as holidays have a way of doing, and soon our friends were hard at work again. Our little friend, O Ai San, was everybody's friend, always ready to do a kind deed, always to be depended upon when anything must be done, merry and happy, enjoying life to the full. But soon after Christmas she drooped again and had to be put to bed and the doctor called in.

"Doctor, is it Kakke again?" anxiously inquired the Teacher.

"No, I do not know just what it is. Her illness last spring injured her heart and left it weak. It would be better for her to go to St. Luke's Hospital at Tokyo."

So the House Mother took her to St. Luke's, put her into one of the clean, white beds, and Dr. Teusler and Dr. Bliss and Dr. Kubo came

in to see her, then called in other doctors in consultation, so that O Ai San sent word back to her friends in the school: "I am a very famous person. No one knows what my disease is, so all the doctors in the city are coming to see me. Ogawa San has only one doctor to come to see her."

She was always bright and happy, and her shining face was a joy and inspiration for all who were near her. One day the dear House Mother came to her room in the hospital, and, putting her arms around her, said, "O Ai San, the doctors say you must have an operation."

"Will that cure me?"

"They do not know, dear child."

"If I don't have it, won't I get well?"

"I fear not, dear."

"And if I have to do it, I may get well?"

"There is a possibility."

"Then I want it."

A letter was sent to her father, asking permission, which was granted. And one day, with the beloved House Mother kneeling beside her, the School Chaplain administered the Holy Communion, while her face shone with faith and hope and love.

They carried her to the operating table and did all that human skill could do; but the weak heart could not stand the strain. So the brave, loving spirit, faithful to the end, winged its flight back to the Father of Love. Loving much, she had loved to the end. "She hath done what she could."

Her friends grieved sorely; they missed her so; it seemed unutterably sad to them — one worker the less where so many were needed! O Ai San's work ended!

Ended? No, not ended. Her father came at once to Tokyo; met the Chaplain, the House Mother, the doctors, the nurses; went over the hospital; saw all that had been done for his daughter; attended the funeral services in the Cathedral; heard the beautiful words of Hope; and then said: —

"Oh, if Christianity is a religion that makes people as kind as that, I want to be a Christian. Teach me how to become a Christian."

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